

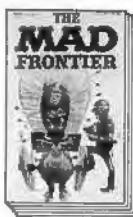
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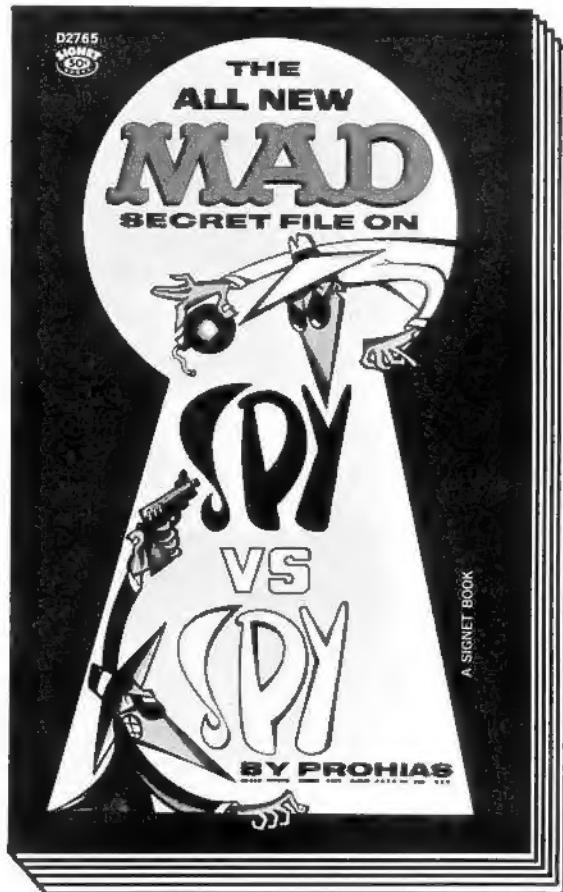
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EDITOR'S NOTE: If you are ordering 20 or more paperback books, the MAD Christmas Grab Bag is a better buy! (See ad—page 2.) You get a lot more extras for less money.



MAD

"Usually, when people give up smoking, they substitute something else for it... mainly bragging!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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WHAT
IS A
BLIND
DATE?
Pg. 24



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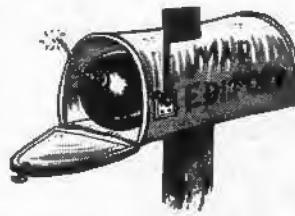
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LETTERS DEPT.



LORD JUMP

When I saw the movie, "Lord Jim," I thought it was wonderful. Then, when I saw "Lord Jump," your satire of it, I thought that was wonderful. I cried throughout the movie and I laughed throughout the article. I loved the movie and I loved the take-off and I love your magazine.

Nancy Wertman
Delton, Mich.

I was outraged. Your satire of that excellent film was the most sickening piece of trash I have ever had the misfortune to lay eyes on.

Jay Cooper
Tulsa, Oklahoma



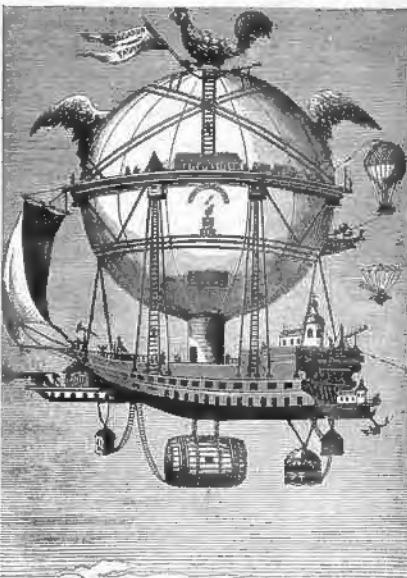
I fail to see the humor in satirizing a brilliant story which shows so much depth into human emotion. The picture was an accurate representation of the book, and Peter O'Toole was fantastic. I have long been a reader of MAD, and have never objected to any of your satires before, but this time you've gone too far.

Jan Hipes
Bronx, N.Y.

I just thought you might like to know that I never laughed harder over anything in my life. The drawings were superb!

Lynda Zervic
Milwaukee, Wisc.

MAD ZEPPELIN'S ANCESTOR?



This must be the Great-Grand-Daddy of your MAD Zeppelin.

Gene St. Jean
New York City

SNAPPY ANSWERS

Not only was MAD's article, "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions" really funny, but it also delivered a sharp slap at all those jerks who constantly pester us with idiotic, pointless questions. Did Mr. Jaffee really write that all by himself?

Steve Moriarty
Hallowell, Maine

"Snappy Answers" was a gem, but Mr. Jaffee forgot to include the most ridiculous question of them all—mainly, "Are you asleep?"

Meg Liberman
Los Angeles, Calif.

How about a snappy answer to the one question that always annoys me: when I'm waiting for a bus, reading MAD, and some nut will come up and say, "Oh, do you read MAD?"

Richard Hadley Case
Honolulu, Hawaii

How about: "No, I just look at the pictures!" or "No, I just like to feel it!" or "No, I read MAD upside-down!"—Ed.

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TUNE UP THE VOLUME DEPT.

Nowadays, the Producers of Broadway Musicals are chicken! They're scared stiff of taking chances on new and original stories. Instead, they prefer to play it safe—relying on material that's been

tried and proven—like adapting successful stories, novels and plays by world-famous authors. Witness such recent Musicals as "Oliver!" (Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens), "Baker Street" (Sherlock Holmes

FUTURE BROAD BASED ON FAMOUS

"WHERE'S MOBY?"

Based on "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

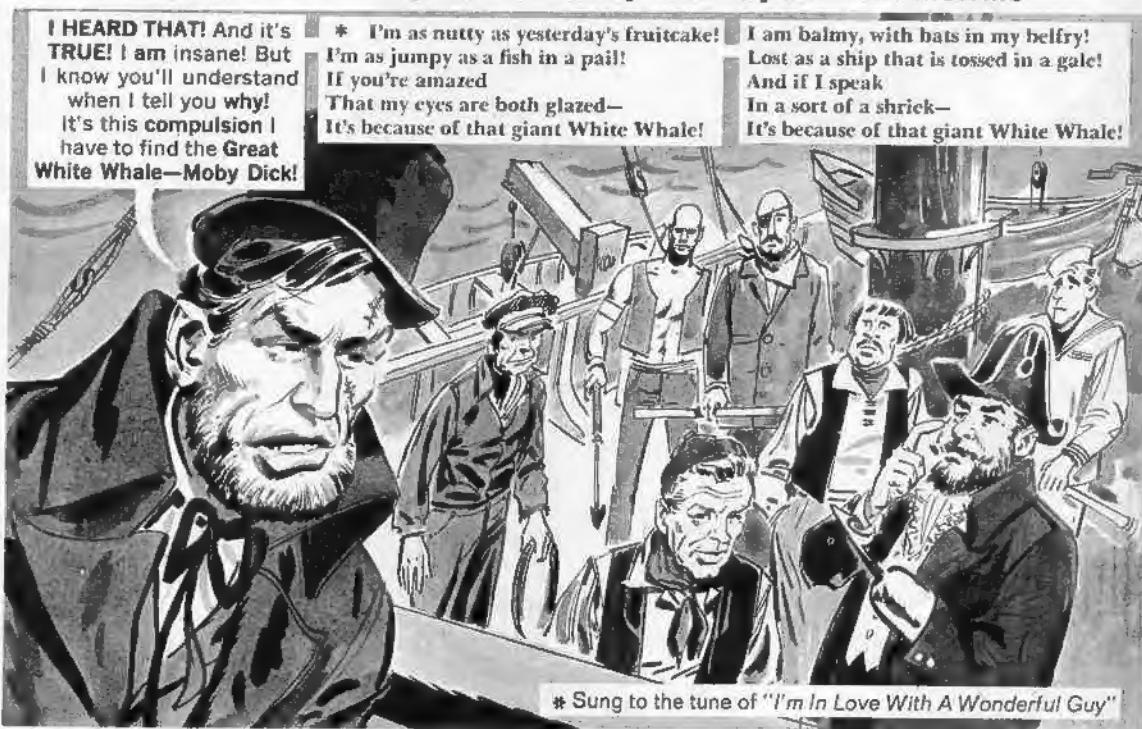
There's Captain Ahab! He's the best Captain on the Seven Seas . . . except for one thing—

What's that?
He's insane!

I HEARD THAT! And it's TRUE! I am insane! But I know you'll understand when I tell you why! It's this compulsion I have to find the Great White Whale—Moby Dick!

* I'm as nutty as yesterday's fruitcake! I'm as jumpy as a fish in a pail! If you're amazed That my eyes are both glazed— It's because of that giant White Whale!

I am balmy, with bats in my belfry! Lost as a ship that is tossed in a gale! And if I speak In a sort of a shriek— It's because of that giant White Whale!



* Sung to the tune of "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy"

THAR SHE BLOWS! A giant White Whale—off the port bow!!

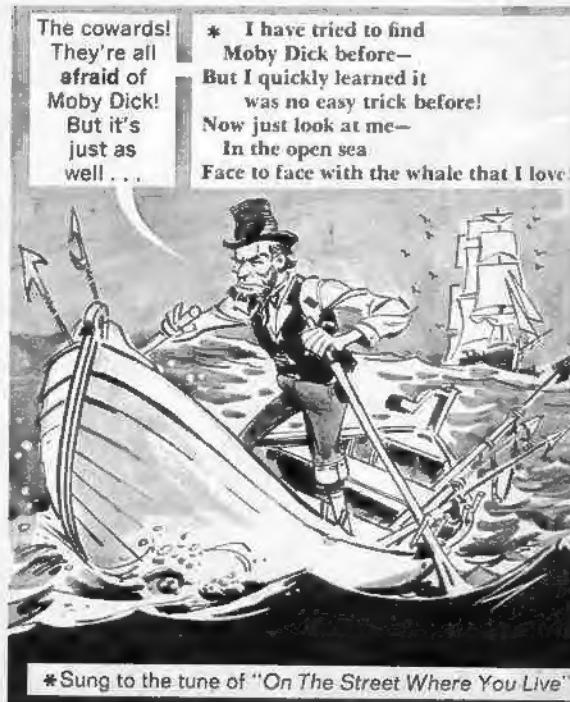
At last! We've found Moby Dick! Man the boats! Sharpen the harpoons! Comb your hair!

Comb our hair?!

Right! On my ship, neatness counts! Now, who'll volunteer to come with me?

The cowards! They're all afraid of Moby Dick! But it's just as well . . .

* I have tried to find Moby Dick before— But I quickly learned it was no easy trick before! Now just look at me— In the open sea Face to face with the whale that I love!



* Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

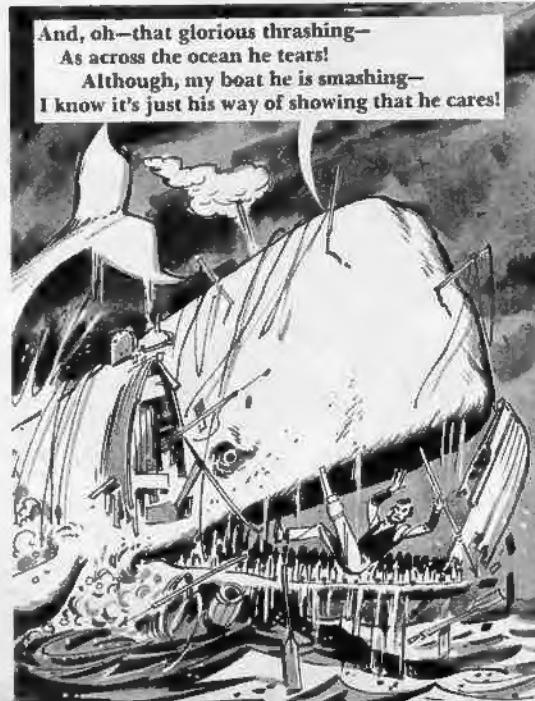
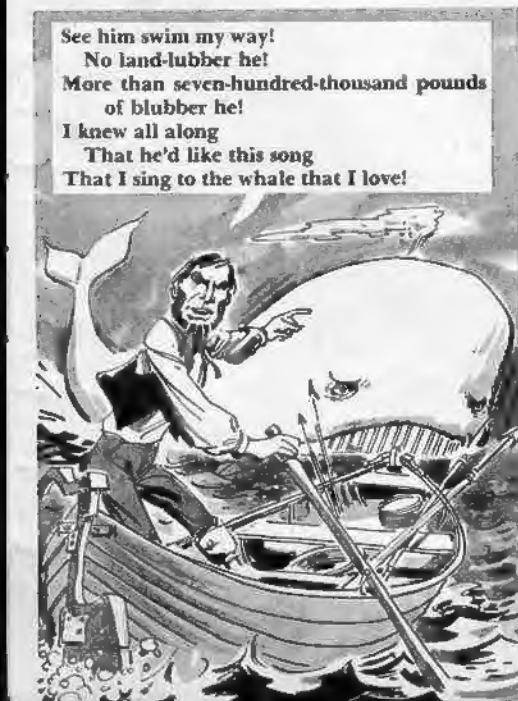
by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), "West Side Story" (Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare), "My Fair Lady" (Pygmalion by George Bernard Shaw), Hello, Dolly" (The Matchmaker by Thornton Wilder), and so

on and on. Obviously, if this sickening trend continues, we'll be seeing Musicals based on even more unlikely classics. To illustrate, let's follow the bouncing ball as MAD presents four examples of

WAY MUSICALS

LITERARY CLASSICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



"CALL ME JULIUS"

Based on "Julius Caesar" by William Shakespeare

Oh, Julius! You've returned from Gaul where you killed 85,000 people and burned their cities! Just listen to the people cheer you for your goodness, justice and love of humanity ...

Quiet, my dear! The people are singing the National Anthem!

* Oh, Rome is our dream—With its wild Colosseum, And its traffic-jammed Appian Way! Where the pizza is best—'Tho it's hard to digest— And Caesar's the king we obey!

Rome! Rome, you're just fine! With that crazy "S-P-Q-R" sign! Where the orgies go on From the evening till dawn, And each Christian is fed to a lion!



* Sung to the tune of "Home On The Range"

Beware the "Ides of March", Caesar! Brutus and his gang are going to kill you in the Forum!

But Brutus is my second in command! Why should he want to kill me?

Because he's No. 2! He tries harder!



We rub Caesar out today! Right, Brutus?

Right! Now here's my plan! Cassius—you get him from the front! Casca—you get him from the rear! And I—

What about ME, Brutus?

You, Trebonius will drive the Get-Away Chariot!



* Goodbye, Julie! It's goodbye, Julie! 'Cause our knives are in your back where they belong!

You bugged us all, Julie! With your Gaul, Julie! Your ambition kept us wishin' for this parting song!

So farewell, Julie! It's been swell, Julie! But we hadda take a stab at jabbin' you! Yeah ...

We hope your will's made up! And you have your bills paid up! Julie, as a big shot, you are through!

* Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly"

Oh, Marc Antony! They've killed Caesar! Speak to the people! Tell them you'll follow in Caesar's footsteps!

That's been my idea all along!

Friends, Romans, Country . . . I don't know what you're going to do now—but as for me . . .

* Cle-o-patra, Here I come! Caesar's dead, but Don't be glum!

I love ya! Think of ya! Night-time and day!

I'll woo ya! Sing to ya! Hear me, Cleo, when I say—

That I would gladly walk a mile Just for your Egyptian smile! Open up that River Nile! Cleopatra—here I come!



* Sung to the tune of "California, Here I Come"

"LOSE YOUR HEAD"

Based on "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens

* Come on out to the court-yard!
Come on out with the crowd!
We'll have the best rev-o-lution yet!
We'll kill the King and Marie Antoinette!

So let's root, root, root for the Headsman!
He's got a job that is hard!
Yes, it's off—off—off with their heads
At the old court-yard!

Excuse me! I'm Sydney Carton, and this is Lucie Manette! We're just over from London! Could you recommend a good restaurant?

Are you nuts? We're having a revolution! We're killing people by the thousands!

A revolution did you say? Well!! My travel agent will surely hear of this!

Do you know where we can find my sweetheart, Charles Darnay?

Darnay? Why we picked him up yesterday! He's in the Bastille . . . waiting to be guillotined!



* Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

Did you hear that, Sydney? They're going to behead Charles!

And now I suppose you want me to make some heroic gesture —like switching places with him and dying so he can live!

Oh, Sydney, would you? It would be ever so nice of you!

They're going to kill me, Sydney!

No, they're not, Darnay! Listen—

* Picture you— Replaced by me! That's what we'll do So you'll go free! It's me for you, And you for me, My friend!

I'm very willing If me they are killing And though it seems gory It follows the story! Just say that you'll do it, So we can get to The end, Friend!

Please agree, And golly-gee! I guarantee Lucie you'll see! And do it just for me!



* Sung to the tune of "Tea For Two"

Then I'll prove I'm kind and good, Like Charlie Dickens Said I should! Oh, can't you see How happy he would be!

Why, that's a great idea, Sydney! I'll be delighted to let you die for me! Er . . . couldn't you object just a little??!

Me and my stupid heroic gestures! Still . . . it does make for a rousing final chorus!

* Guill-o-tine! We've got the nicest little Guill-o-tine! It does a job that's really Neat and clean! Sharp and keen! It never makes an error! And helps our Reign of Terror!

Guill-o-tine! Come join the mob and you will See just what we mean! The blade is sharp, you bet! It even beats Gillette! You won't forget our Guill-o-tine!



* Sung to the tune of "Baby Face"

"APE OVER YOU"

Based on "Tarzan and the Apes" by Edgar Rice Burroughs

Apes! Everywhere I turn—
apes! Why can't I lead a
normal life like any other
sub-human illiterate tree-
dweller? Why can't I find
a girl who's intelligent
and pretty for my mate?

Ook!
Ook!
Ook!

Not you, Cheetah! It's
true that you're
intelligent and pretty
—but it wouldn't work!
We come from different
religious backgrounds!

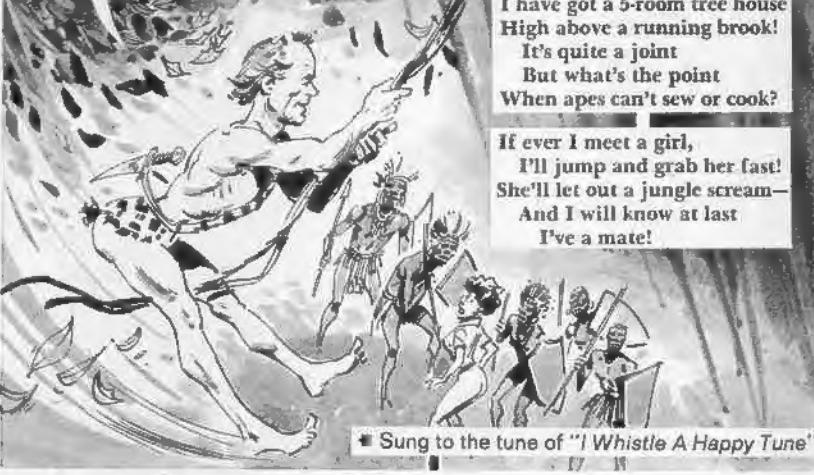
When I feel
this way,
there's only
one thing
I can do . . .

* Whenever I get depressed,
And start to moon and fret,
I let out a jungle scream—
Which helps me to forget
I've no mate!

While leaping from limb to limb
And swinging through the air,
I let out a jungle scream—
To show that I don't care
I've no mate!

I have got a 5-room tree house
High above a running brook!
It's quite a joint
But what's the point
When apes can't sew or cook?

If ever I meet a girl,
I'll jump and grab her fast!
She'll let out a jungle scream—
And I will know at last
I've a mate!



* Sung to the tune of "I Whistle A Happy Tune"

Who are you?
Where are you
taking me? I
demand to see
my Ambassador!

My name is Tarzan. I have
have saved you from
the Gumbah-Gumbah tribe who
captured your Safari! From now
on, we will live as man and
mate! You'll love it because . . .

* In your role as my wife
You'll lead a happy zoo life!
I know that you'll adore it
In our tree-house for two!

Every meal we'll eat a
Banana peeled by Cheetah!
Don't say that you'll abhor it
In our tree-house for two!

In the evening, dear,
(dum-de-de-dum)
When the snakes appear,
(dum-de-de-dum)

The tse-tse flies

Will bite us—

And you'll be aware
Of the bats in your hair!

Oh . . .
If, at night, we can't sleep,
We'll watch the giant ants leap
Across the floor and ceiling
Of our tree-house for two!



* Sung to the tune of "Easter Parade"

And now I'd like you
to meet my family!
This is Wamba—and
this is Bumba—and
this is Rumba—and—

Are you crazy?
Your family??
They're all apes!
I'm going back to the
Gumbah-Gumbah tribe!
Even torture is
better than this!

Ook!
Ook!
Ook!

No,
Cheetah!
Let her
go! It's
better
this way!
For you
see . . .

* I've grown accustomed to my apes!
They're such a big part of my life!
I've grown accustomed in the ease
With which they hang from trees—
Their grunts, their screams,
Their hopes, their dreams,
Are so familiar to me now—
Like when I stab things with my knife!

I was so willing to forsake them
And to get myself a mate!
I'm glad that I came back to them
Before it was too late!
I've grown accustomed to their breath—
Accustomed to their smell—
Accustomed to my apes!



* Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

LIVING OFF THE FAD OF THE LAND DEPT.

Ever wonder what happens to all the unsold items left on dealers' shelves when the demand for a product fades . . . or a craze suddenly dies . . . or there was never any demand in the first place? Well, don't look in the garbage dumps for them. Look instead at those little mail order ads in magazines and newspapers—placed by that crafty band of greedy American Businessmen who have discovered

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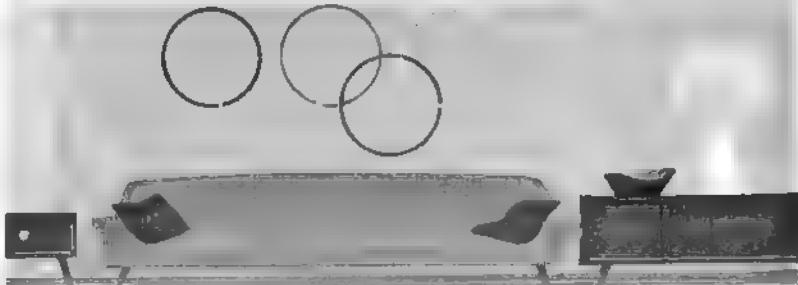


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ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

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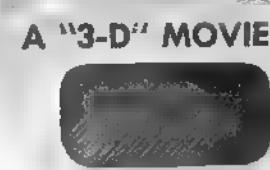
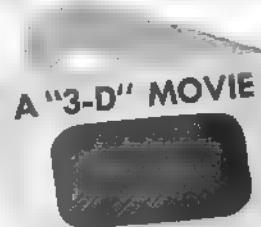
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KIT #15-A —ERNEST BORGnine

plus many more! Send for free list!

BLISS

Manufacturing Co., Inc.
222 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR(S)

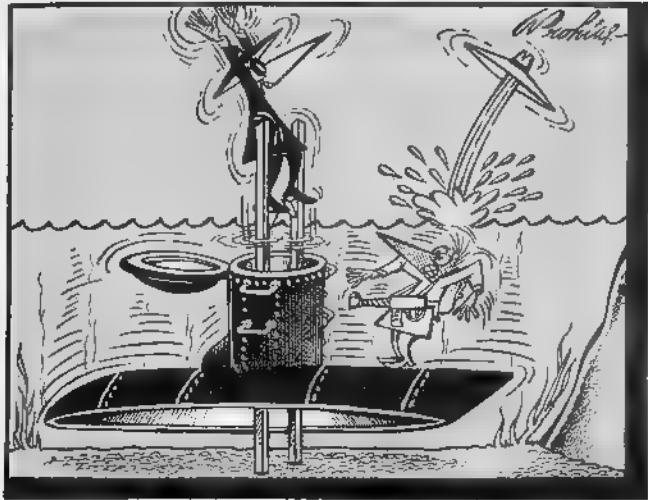
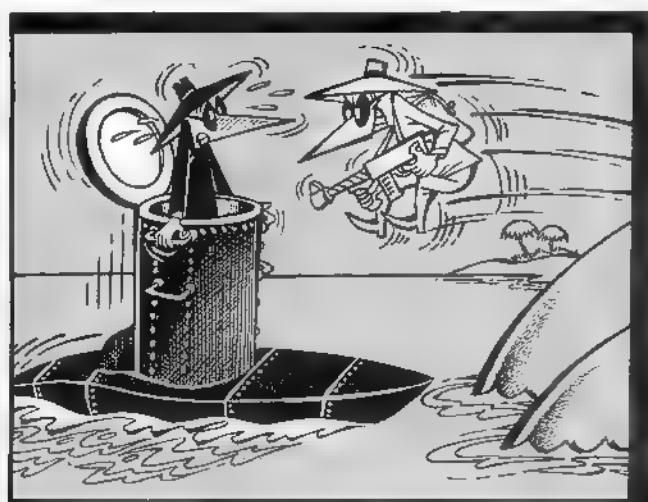
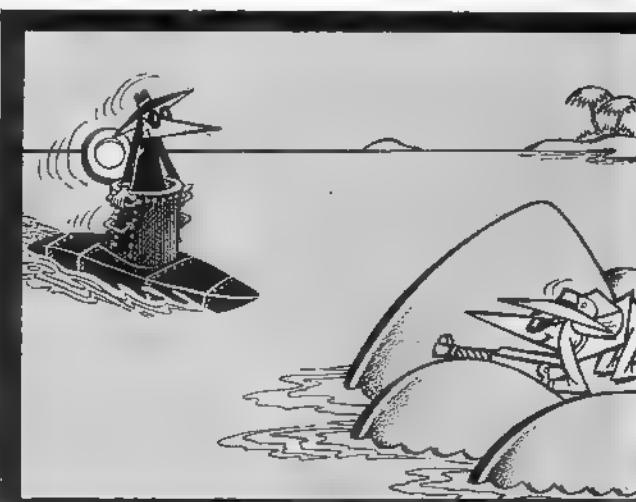
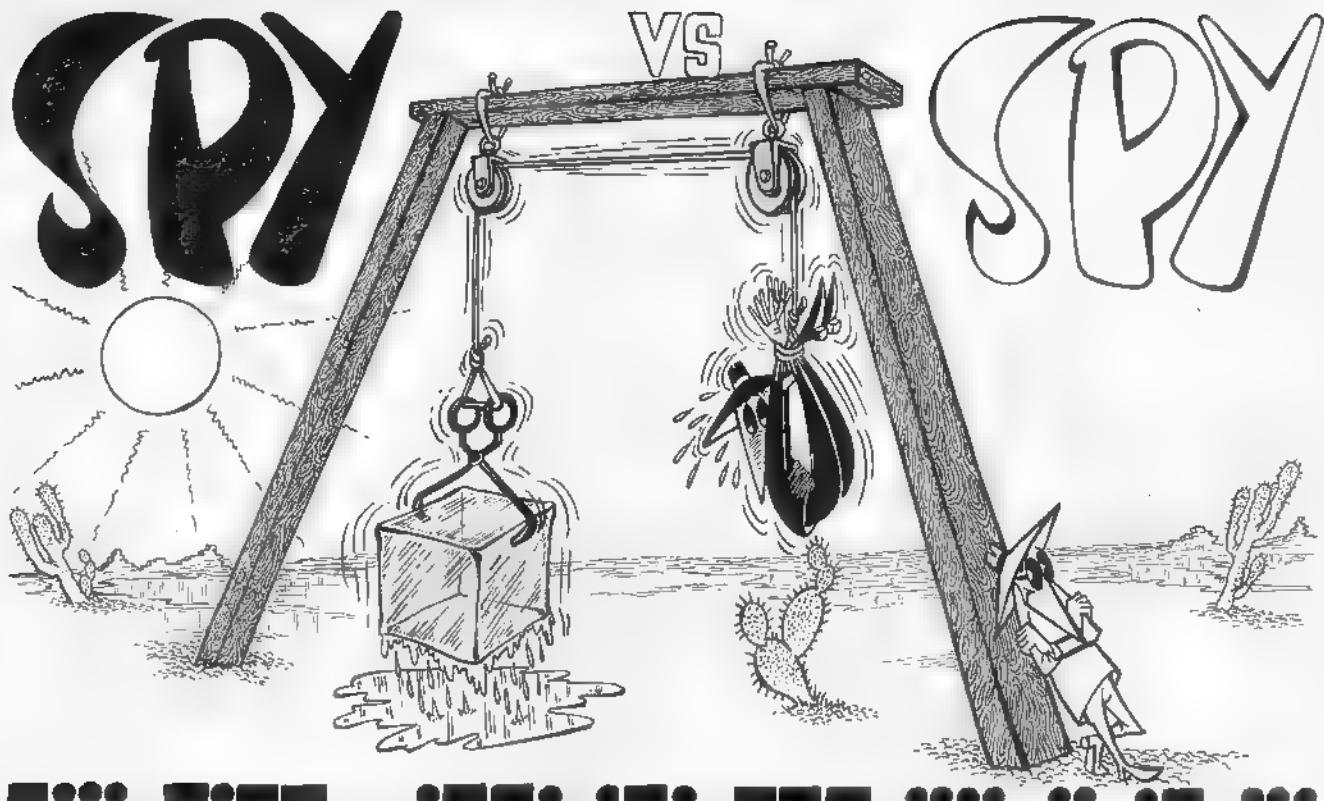
KIT #10 A

NOW ONLY \$2⁹⁸
EDDIE FISHER

BRAND
NEW!

FAMOUS
HOLLY
WOOD
STARS
SERIES





HOME-SWEET-HO-HUM DEPT.

The "Great American Dream" is to live in peace and harmony with an ideal wife and well-mannered children in an atmosphere that's free from worry and tension. It can't be done, you say? You know of no one who has ever achieved such a euphoric existence? Well, you're wrong! There's a family that lives in bliss week after week! And what's more, it's been doing so for 14 years! We're talking about that happy group of innocents who live completely and hermetically sealed off from reality. We're talking about . . .

THE NILSON FAMILY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Hello, dear. How did things go today?

Terrible. Just terrible. First, I pulled the wrong cord on the Venetian blind and the slats went up instead of down. Then, Art Linkletter's House Party was preempted by a Space Shot. And then, a button worked loose from my cardigan sweater. It's been one thing after another.

Harried, why are there holes in Oozie's newspaper?

I cut out all the articles that might disturb him. If he ever learned about REAL problems, he'd crack up.

Gee, that's a very good idea.

Not always. This year, he's planning a vacation in the Dominican Republic!



I don't mean to be "catty," but what is Oozie doing at home on a Tuesday afternoon? In fact, every afternoon? I mean, like he's always home! Just what does he do for a living exactly?

Oh, Cara, every family has its little secrets. What Oozie does for a living is his little secret. I wouldn't dream of asking him.

Gee, I got myself into a real bind. I'm supposed to referee the Little League Chinese Checker Tournament, but I also made a date with some Cub Scouts to work on a kite for the Kite-Flying Contest!

Oh? You're helping them make their kite?

No, they're helping me make mine! You know what an adorable incompetent I am.



Yes, dear. You're the first and longest-lasting of a long line of bumbling foolish TV husbands, and I'm proud of you!

Here's Rickety, home from college. How are things in school, son?

Boy, Dad, that Accelerated, Enriched Program keeps me busy. I've got 3 more Proms, 6 more Football Rallies and one additional Frat Party each week. They really pour it on.

Just what classes does Rickety go to?

He doesn't go to classes. He just goes to college. After all, he earns \$250,000 a year making records.

Imagine, making all that money without moving a muscle . . . In his face, I mean!

Well, Rickety, how's your wife, Kissy?

Gee, Dad, marriage is a little more complicated than I thought. F'rinstance, Kissy says I spend too much time with the fellows at the Frat House.

Well, do you?

Naw, I only sleep there.

Today, in school, a fellow told me about Integration, Vietnam and The Cold War. He was putting me on, wasn't he Dad?

Of course, Rickety. He was probably one of those smart-alecky fellows who likes to attract attention. Just forget it.

I'd say a fellow like that doesn't belong in our kind of college, huh, Dad?

Right. But don't be too hard on him. He most likely got upset watching controversial shows on TV like "Gomer Pyle" and "Donna Reed."

Gee it's great to have a father you can count on! No matter when I have a problem, I know I can come here and get real help—even on a Tuesday afternoon.

What's more important than a man's family?

A Little League Chinese Checker Tournament?

Never!!

A Kite Flying Contest?

Well, THAT maybe!

Harried, dear, you're so wonderfully American. You always have Apple Pie and Milk out on the kitchen table.

Yes, but it gets pretty gamy when we've gone for long week-ends.

I'm planning to take your mother on a vacation to the Caribbean this year. I was thinking about the Dominican Republic, but I changed my mind.

Oh, I'm so glad, dear.

I knew you would be. I think you'll like Cuba much better. Want to come along, Rickety?



Gee, I don't know, Dad. Kissy is mad enough at me now. How will she feel when I go away on a vacation?

We'll take her along. It'll be like your Second Honeymoon.

It'll also be like our First Honeymoon! We all went away together on that one, too.



Hi, Divot. How's the Law Game?

I'm on my way to handle a case right now. Two partners are suing each other and they're waiting for me to do something idiotic so they can forgive and forget. It's nice being a lawyer for nice people. I'm lucky I never handled a case where the people weren't nice.

That's right, Divot. Leave the people who aren't nice to lawyers like E. G. Marshall. And you know how long he lasted in television.



Let's look at home movies, Dad.

Swell, Rickety. Your wish is my command.

Why do they ignore me? Everything around here is Rickety, Rickety. Gee, I have no strong opinions, no defined personality, no trace of emotion either. I'm everything a Nilson should be, yet they turn their backs on me. Why? WHY?



Ah, the good old days—

I can remember how animated little Rickety's face became when he was very happy . . . Or was it when he was very sad? Come to think of it, it was the same expression!



And here's where Rickety first learned the gestures that he uses when he sings. He's practicing opening and closing his eyes.

It's a good gimmick.



Here's a shot of Rickety saying his first complete intelligible statement. What was it he said to you, Divot?

He asked, "What does Daddy do for a living?"



Oozie, you've always been such a generous, considerate father!

Yeah, Dad, it was swell of you to let us play in your room on rainy days!

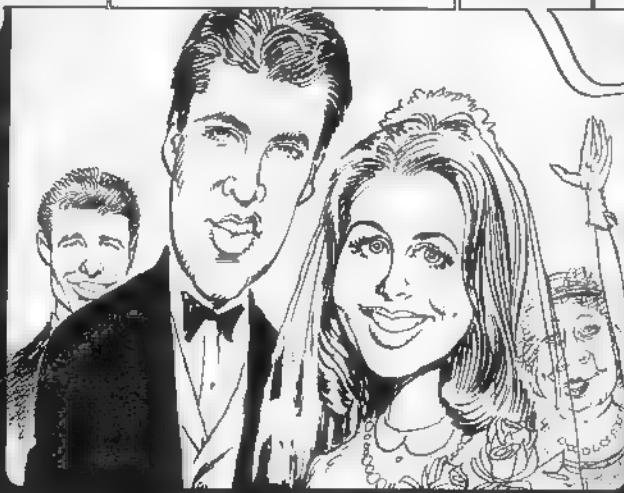


Oh, Rickety, I'm so happy that you found such a lovely girl to marry!

Thanks to Dad's good advice, I was the perfect gentleman. I never tried to hug or kiss her. I never even laid a hand on her.

You mean before you were married?

No, I mean since we were married!



Hi, Whaley. What's up?

Giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle.

I like Whaley. He's such a real person!

Yes, our audience can identify so easily with a 30-year-old college student with a piercing high-pitched giggle and absolutely no redeeming qualities.



You gotta—giggle—help me out, Rickety. My girl, Ginger Snaps, is angry at me for going out with another girl.

That's shocking!

What? That Whaley went out with another girl?

No—that ANY girl would go out with him!

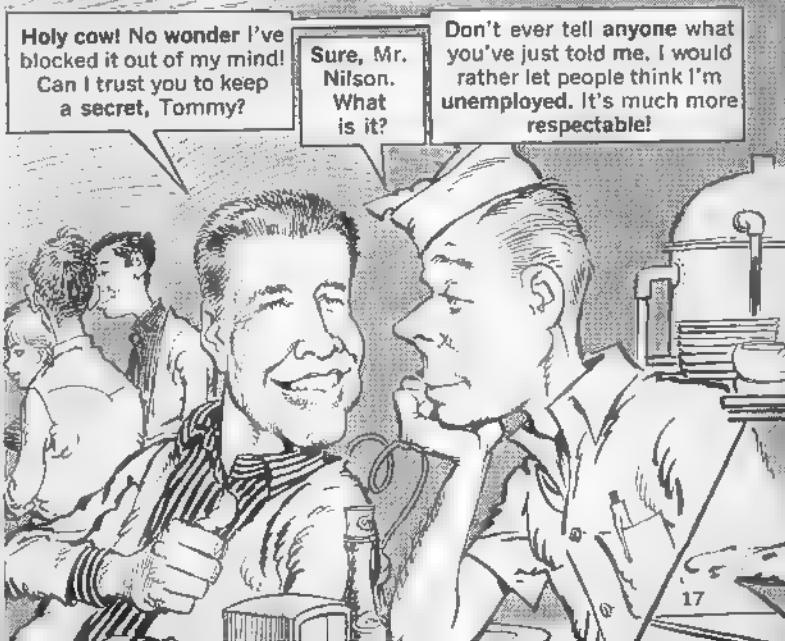
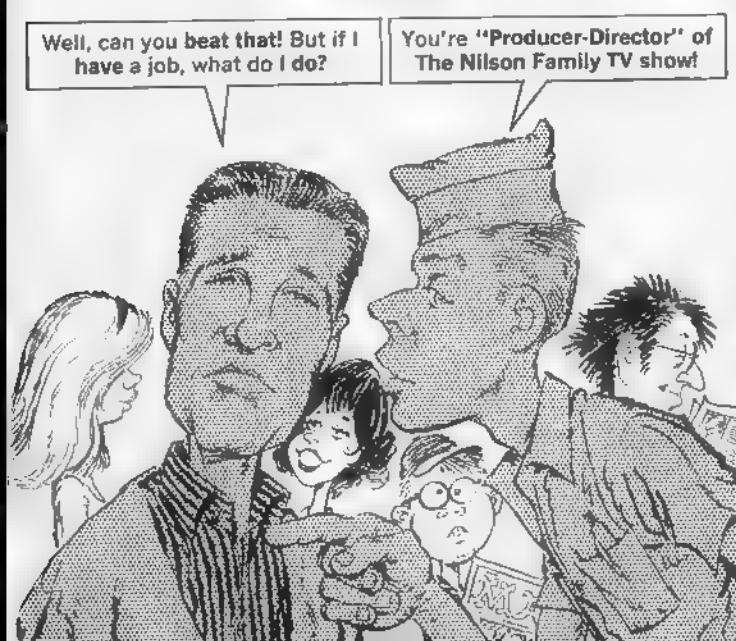
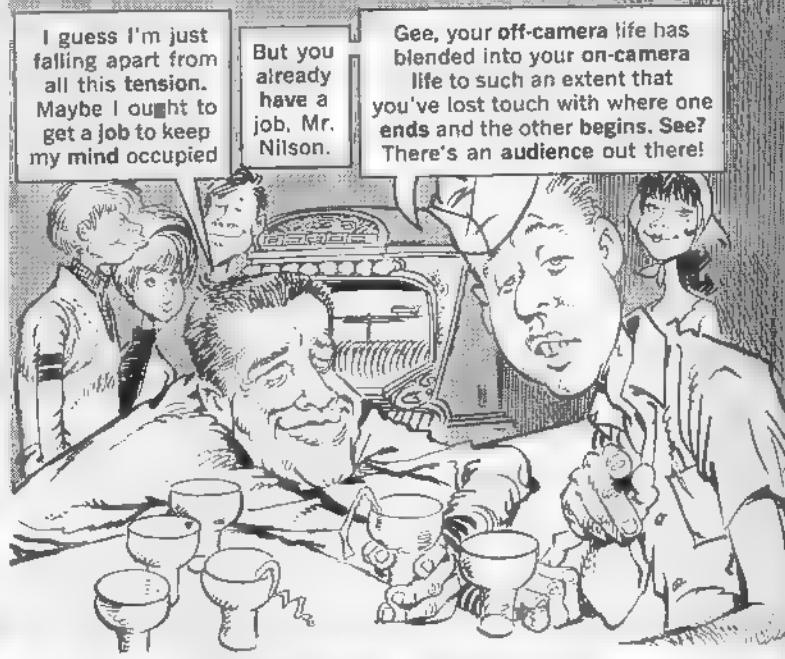
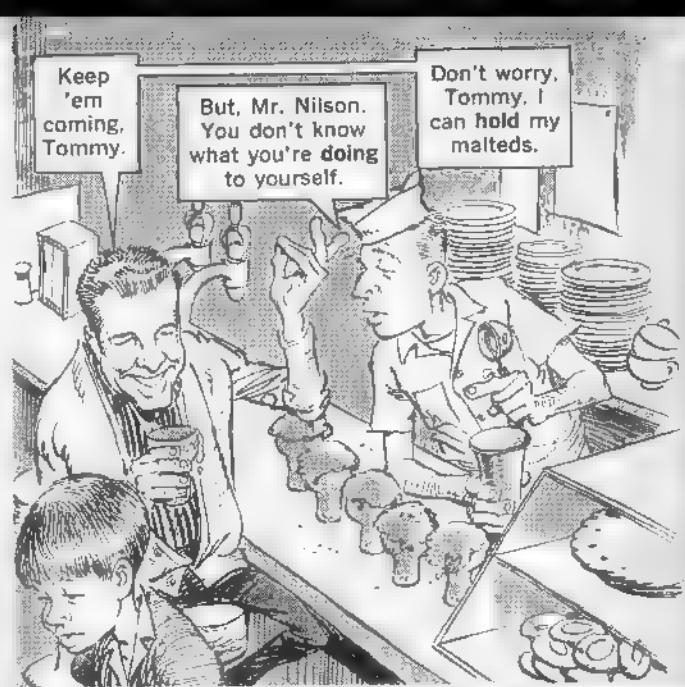
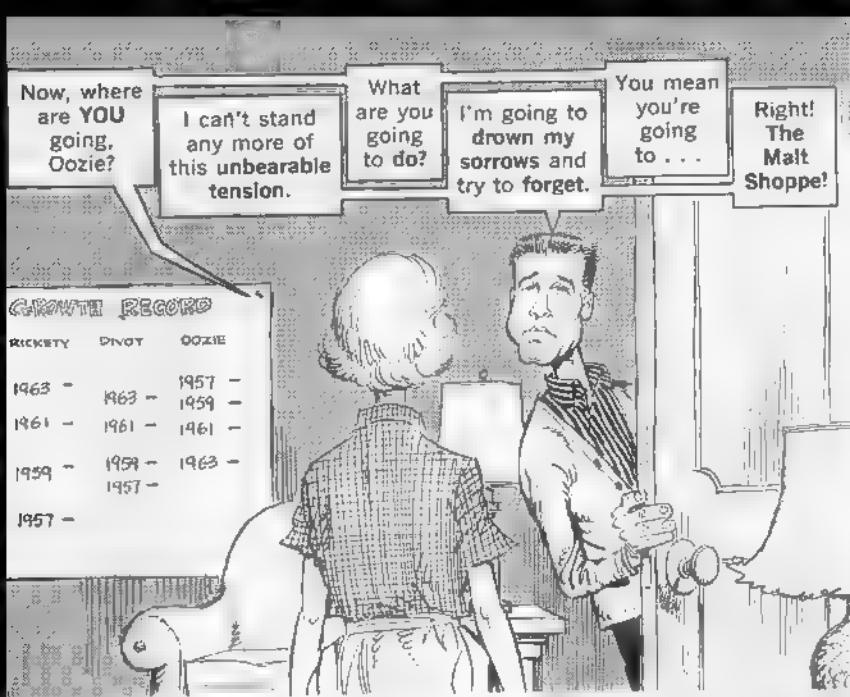
This is a crisis. I have to go.

A crisis? Can't we ever have any peace? What a world we live in.

Can't! This is family entertainment.



CLANG CLANG CLANG!



WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPT.

Here we go again with the game in which we take ordinary Dictionary words, and dream up some kookie animals that these words suggest. Mainly, here we go with

**THE RETURN
OF THE**

MAD

superficial



Araby



billy club



ordain



threadbare



humdinger



romantic



BEASTLIES

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR. WRITER: PHIL HAHN

first aid kit



Good Housekeeping Seal



Balboa



bum steer



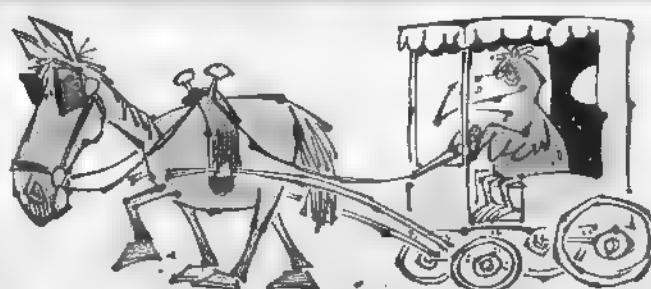
Bangkok



sourdough



crochet

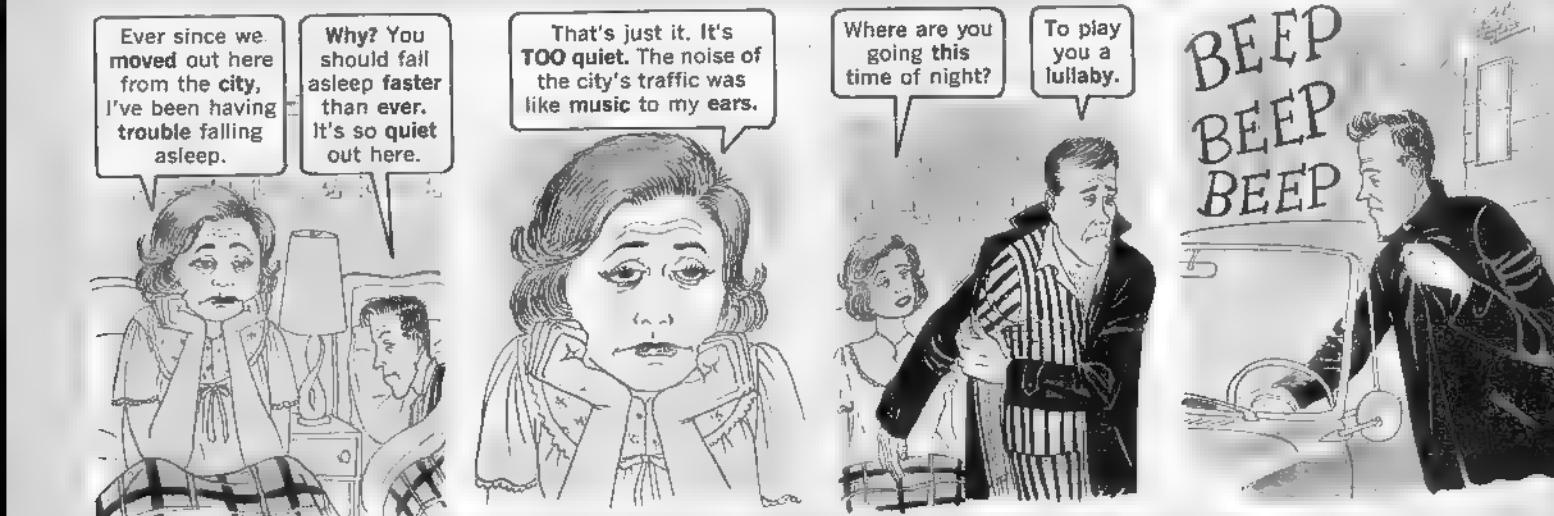


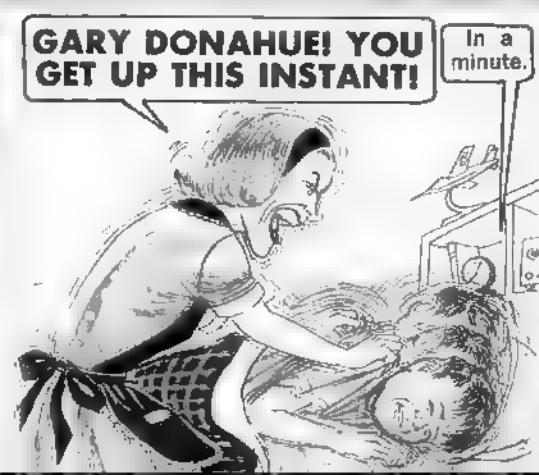
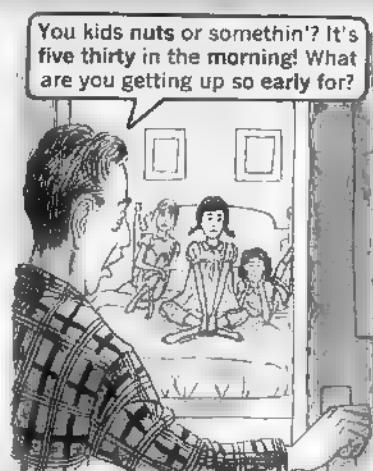
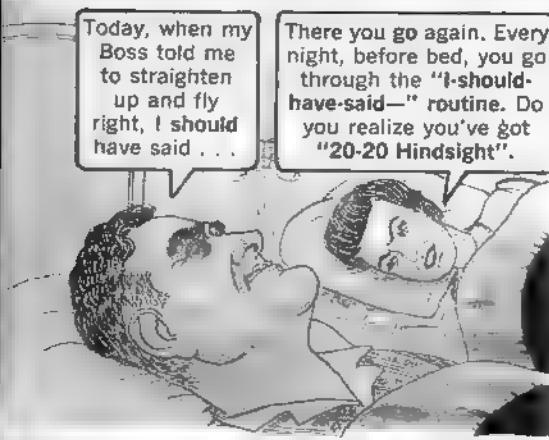
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



SLEEP

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! That's all you ever do is sleep!



Do you realize that people sleep over one-quarter of their lives away? And when you're sleeping, you might as well be dead!



Really? We sleep one-quarter of our lives away? That much?



Man, that's living!



Brrr! Must we sleep with the window open? I'm freezing!

Fresh air is good for you!



But I'm shivering! If this keeps up—Brrr—I'll never fall asleep!

Then get up and close it!



YEEOWWW!! that floor is COLD!!



Fresh air is good for me!



The human brain is an amazing mechanism. It has a built-in timer and alarm system, just like a clock. All I have to do is tell my brain that I want to get up at seven o'clock, and precisely at seven—I wake up!

Well, you forgot to wind up your brain, smart guy—because it's precisely eight o'clock right now!

Oh, my gosh! I forgot to change my brain to Daylight Savings Time!

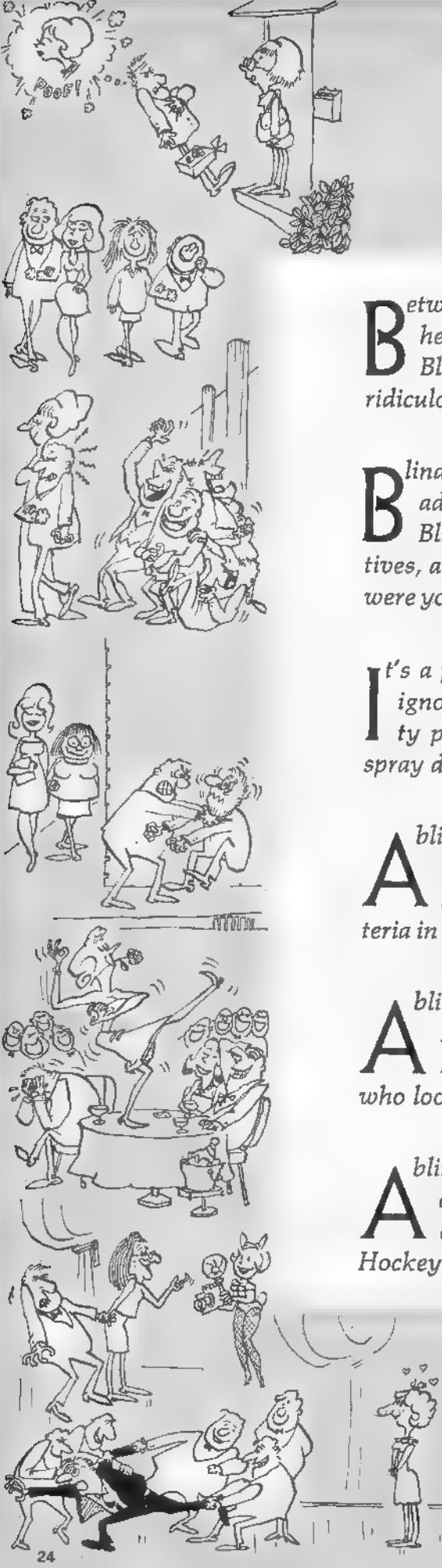


Okay, okay! I'm getting up!

OH, MY GOSH, LOOK AT THE TIME!!

WHY THE HECK DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP!?





EVERY DOG HAS ITS DATE DEPT.

WHAT IS A

WRITTEN BY ARNIE KOGAN

Between the time a boy starts dating and the time he gets married, he is guaranteed to come across a creature called a "Blind Date." Blind dates come in an assortment of sizes and shapes . . . all ridiculous.

Blind dates are found everywhere. Their names appear in discarded address books, and their numbers on telephone booth walls. Blind dates are arranged by everyone, including agencies, relatives, and guys who—up until you see what they've stuck you with—were your best friends.

It's a pity on blind dates: Popular girls belittle them, popular boys ignore them, parents console them, Dear Abby advises them, beauty parlors con them, teachers pass them, nature fails them, and spray deodorants protect them . . . sometimes.

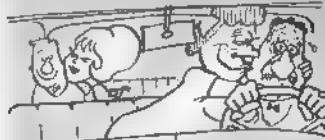
A blind date is Neatness with a run in her stocking, Primness with mustard on her chin, Shyness with a loud voice, Poise with her slip showing, Femininity with a hint of a mustache, and Hysteria in gym bloomers.

A blind date is Yogi Berra in pedal pushers, Irene Ryan in a Bikini, Fred Gwynne in a shift, Shirley Booth in stretch pants and Dan Blocker in hip-huggers. She is the girl across the street who looks like the boy next door.

A blind date is never a show girl, ■ model, a cheerleader or a farmer's daughter. She is always a nurse's aid, somebody's clunky cousin from out of town, or a member of the Girls' Field Hockey Team.

BLIND DATE?

ILLUSTRATED BY SERGIO ARAGONES



A blind date is a composite: She has the gender of Elizabeth Taylor, the figure of Richard Burton, the hairdo of Dr. Zorba, the elocution of Casey Stengel, the charm of an untipped waiter, the facial expression of Alfred E. Neuman, and the aroma of the Pittsburgh Steelers' locker room during half-time.

A blind date likes nice-looking boys, night clubs, moonlight walks, little compliments, some attention and lots of respect. She doesn't particularly care for insults, laughing out loud when you first meet her, introducing her to your friends as an April Fool joke, taking her to Supermarket Openings, spending Prom night at a Carvel Stand, asking her to split the check, or taking her to Lovers' Lane . . . and then leaving her there.

When you take out a blind date, you can't win. Who else can ruin your evening just by showing up? Who else laughs out loud during the newsreel? Who else wears Vicks Vap-O-Rub for cologne? And lipstick on her teeth? Who else puts on galoshes to go surfing? Who else still has diaper rash at 17? Who else has a measurement of 38-25-38 . . . on her leg?

Might as well face it . . . blind dates are losers and rejects. They are a plague and a blight. They are funny-faced, scatter-brained, double-chinned, wax-eared, pigeon-toed, hairy-legged, hang-nailed, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed, knock-kneed, baby-fatted, gum-chewing, time-consuming things.

But, at the end of the evening, when you take her home, and she turns softly to you and shakes your hand and slams the door in your face . . . you shout after her the words that millions who have dated blind dates have shouted before . . .

"CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT?"



TOUR DE FARCE DEPT.

Television has a new gimmick that already looks like it's being run into the ground. We're talking about these "Specials" devoted to tours of the world's most beautiful cities and countries conducted by the world's most beautiful women. There's only one trouble with these shows: The gorgeous tour-guides are so distracting that nobody looks at the scenery. For instance, we've been treated to interesting views of Liz Taylor showing us—if you were idiot enough to notice—London somewhere in the background. Then there was Sophia

Shirley Finster's



Hello. I'm Shirley Finster, and MAD Magazine has asked me to show you my beloved New York. See, Mom? I told you I was gonna be in this magazine! Let's see Mrs. Stoltz's daughter, Bernice—who you're always throwing up to me—top this! Sorry for the personal aside, folks. Now where was I? Oh, yeah! New York City is a glittering metropolis. No guided tour of this glittering metropolis would be complete without a ride on one of its glittering subways...

Easy! Take the "E" train to Seventh Avenue, go downstairs, take the "D" train to 59th Street, go upstairs, take the I.R.T. to 42nd Street, follow the red arrows to the Crosstown Shuttle, take it to 5th Avenue—

Listen, baby, I've been noticin' yuh ever since you got on at 72nd Street! Maybe you an' I can get off at the same stop, huh?

For your information, sir, I am going to the airport where I am taking a flight to Nome, Alaska!

Arthur! What do you mean taking that poor blind man's money? Why, that's stealing! You give that money to mother this minute!



Hi, Aunt Lenal! What do you think of your good-for-nothing niece, Shirley, now? Here I am at Broadway and 42nd Street, showing all the MAD readers the heart of our glittering metropolis—Times Square! Oh—give my regards to Uncle Max!

NOW PLAYING:
THE SEXPOT & THE LITTLE LEAGUER
ALSO
LEATHER WHIP BEACH ORGY
"Four Lashes"—The Daily News

Sorry, kid!
You're too
young to see
this movie!

But I'm
the Star
of the
movie!

All right,
baby—this
is a
stick-up!

STAMP
OUT
GREEN
STAMPS

Hey, Joe! Dig the guy
wearing make-up! So
that's what they mean
by "The Gay White Way"!

Is that all?
I thought it
was a
pick-up!

STAMP OUT
THIS IDIOT
NEXT TO
ME!

Subway Life Insurance!
Subway Life Insurance!
You can't risk going
down there without
Subway Life Insurance!

Okay, all you Ice Cream
addicts! Have your sleeves
rolled up and your 15 bucks
ready! 10¢ more if you want
Ice Cream!

Officer, I'm from out of town
and I can't stand the crowds
and all this noise! Where can
I go to find peace and quiet?

Try the
World's
Fair!



This is Killman's Gym, where the manly art of self-defense is practiced by some of the finest young men around under the benevolent eyes of their equally fine managers... sportsmen all. How's that for sarcasm! Anyway, here is where many professional fighters train to reach the highest goal of their profession—mainly to own their own bar...



This is the Brillo Building—the home of America's genius songwriters and publishers—men like Anka Shmanka and Seal Nedaka, who have helped to bring the level of popular music to what it is today. We owe these people our thanks... Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!





And lastly, but not leastly, let's look in on a typical office along glittering Madison Avenue, where high-powered account executives and copy men struggle to sell products with intelligence and good taste, as the ads they produce will testify:



MAD'S PUZZLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A TRIP TO BRAZIL

CHARLIE FINSTERNICK HAS JUST EMBEZZLED \$3,000,000 FROM HIS BANK. SEE IF YOU CAN GET HIM SAFELY TO BRAZIL BEFORE IT ESTABLISHES AN EXTRADITION TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES, AND WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THESE FIVE TRAPS ALONG THE WAY:

1. WIFE AND SCREAMING KIDS

2. BANK EXAMINER

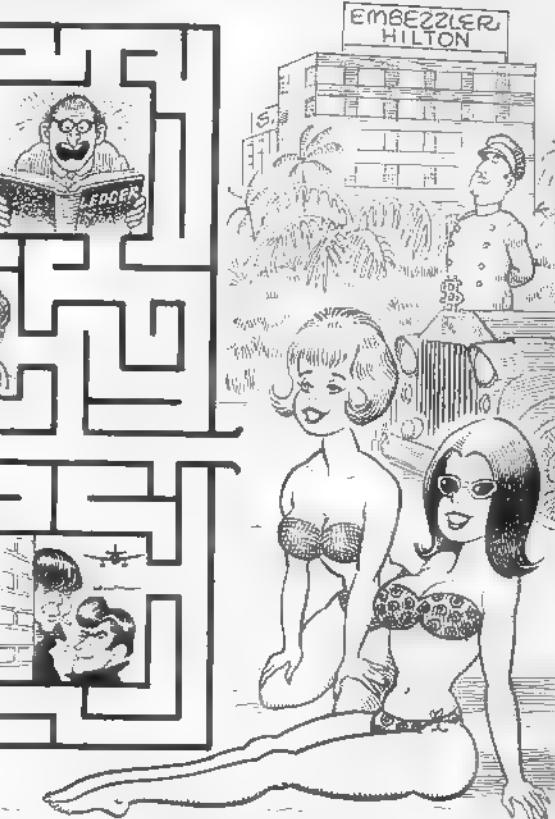
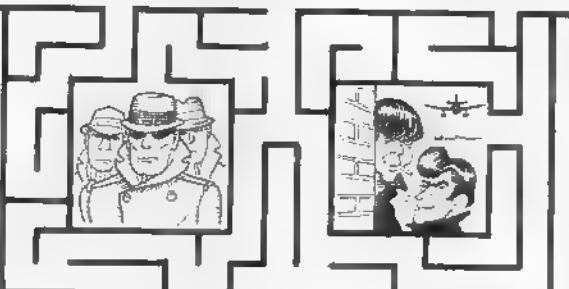
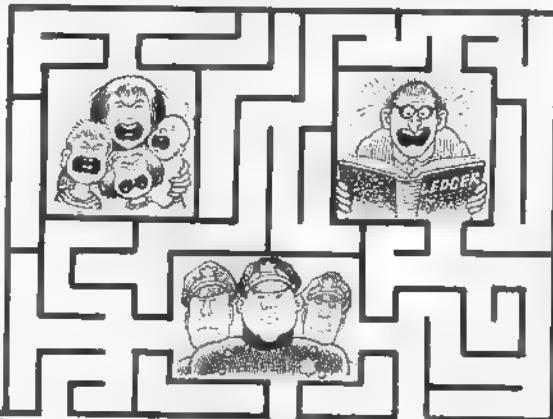
3. POLICE

4. F.B.I.

5. TEENAGE HOODS HANGING AROUND AIRPORT.



START



COLORING CORNER

THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL AND COLORFUL BOUGAINVILLEA PLANT. CAN YOU GUESS HOW TO COLOR IT? (SEE ANSWER BELOW)

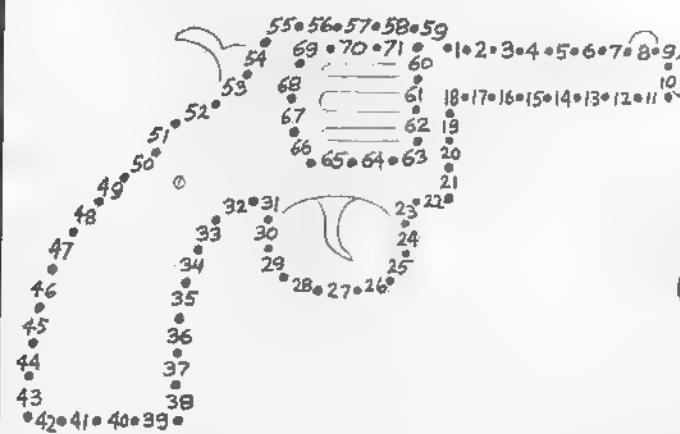


ANSWER

COLD IT DEAD! ANY IDIOT KNOWS THAT THE BOUGAINVILLEA IS POSSIBLY SURVIVE THE HIDOUS CLIMATE PICTURED HERE!

CONNECT THE DOTS AND GET A BIG SURPRISE!

IF YOU FOLLOW THE NUMBERS AND CONNECT EACH DOT, A SURPRISE PICTURE WILL APPEAR. YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT IT IS, SO GET RIGHT TO WORK AND SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY. ALL WE CAN SAY IS THAT WHEN YOU ARE DONE, YOU WILL GET A BIG BANG OUT OF IT! IN FACT, IT'S A REAL KILLER-DILLER! THE WHOLE IDEA IS HOT AS A PISTOL! SO SHOOT THE WORKS ON THIS ONE, GANG!



Jaffee

PAGE

FIND THE NEEDLE

WE'VE HIDDEN A **NEEDLE** SOMEWHERE IN THIS **STACK**! CAN YOU FIND IT? LET'S SEE HOW **SHARP** YOU ARE!



ANSWER:

COULDNT FIND IT? BOY, ARE YOU BLIND!
THIS ISN'T A **HAVENTACK**! IT'S A BIG
PILE OF **NEEDLES**! NOW DON'T YOU FEEL
LIKE A DUMB STUPID IDIOT!

OPTICAL ILLUSION



STARE AT THIS BLACK SPOT FOR SIX HOURS WITHOUT BLINKING. THEN TRY TO LOOK UP THE NAME AND THE NUMBER OF A GOOD EYE DOCTOR IN THE PHONE BOOK. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT, BECAUSE EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK YOU'LL SEE BLACK SPOTS. YOU MAY ALSO SEE DOUBLE. THIS IS CALLED AN "OPTICAL ILLUSION". AFTER YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FUN, GET SOME FRIEND TO CALL AN EYE DOCTOR FOR YOU. OTHERWISE, YOU MAY WIND UP WITH THIS EYE TRICK PERMANENTLY!

HOW TO DRAW GREAT CARTOON LIKENESSES

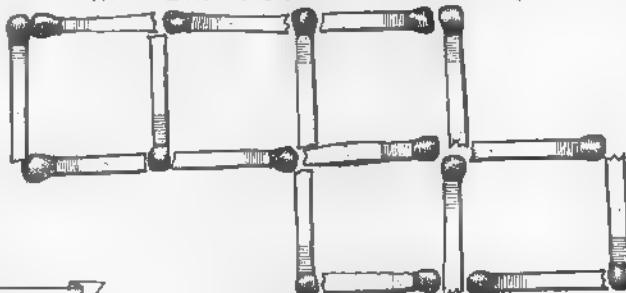


ONE REASON THIS NEW FEATURE WAS CREATED IS BECAUSE **MAD** READERS ARE BRILLIANT, INTELLIGENT YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MIGHT ENJOY SOMETHING CHALLENGING LIKE THIS. ANOTHER REASON IS THAT THEY ARE ALSO LAZY SLOBS, AND DOING THESE PUZZLES IS ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING **TV** ALL DAY.

PUZZLES @ RIDDLES
BRAIN-TWISTERS
REBUSES @**POERS**
@**CROSSWORDS** @
INANITIES ***AND**
OTHER TIMEWASTERS

SOLVE THE MATCH PUZZLE

THESE MATCHES ARE ARRANGED TO FORM **FIVE SQUARES**. CAN YOU MOVE JUST **TWO** OF THESE MATCHES, AND END UP WITH ONLY **FOUR SQUARES**?

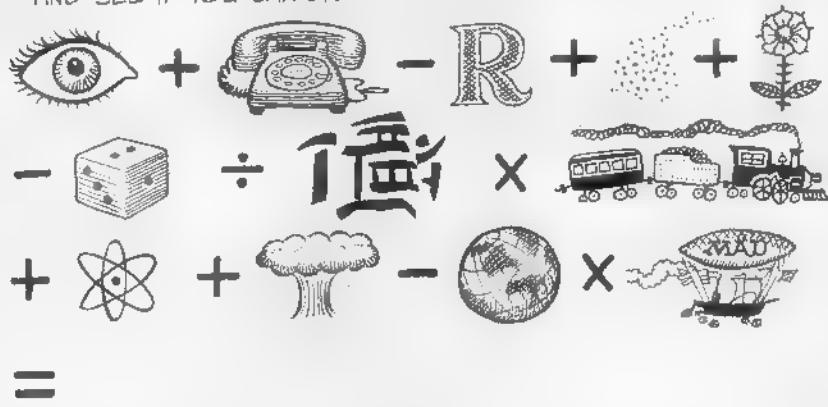


ANSWER:

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T! THESE MATCHES ARE PRINTED ON THIS PAPER, AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MOVE THEM!

ROLICKING REBUS

IDENTIFY THE PICTURES, ADD AND SUBTRACT THE LETTERS AS DIRECTED, AND SEE IF YOU CAN DISCOVER THE MAGIC WORD.



IF YOUR ANSWER IS "ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM", BETTER CHECK YOUR ARITHMETIC. IF YOUR ANSWER IS "BRTXNTLBE", YOU MADE THE STUPID MISTAKE OF IDENTIFYING THE LITTLE DOTS IN PICTURE FOUR AS "ANTS", WHICH THEY ARE NOT. ACTUALLY, THEY'RE JUST LITTLE DOTS. AND IF YOU SKIPPED DOING THIS PUZZLE ENTIRELY, YOU SHOWED RARE INTELLIGENCE.

THIS MONTH'S GUEST ART TEACHER IS THE RENOWNED CARICATURIST, IRVING DRUCKER. SOME OF YOU MAY THINK THAT IRVING'S STYLE IS COPIED FROM ANOTHER "DRUCKER" WHO APPEARS ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE. ACTUALLY, IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

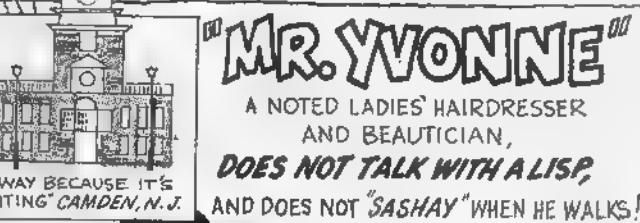
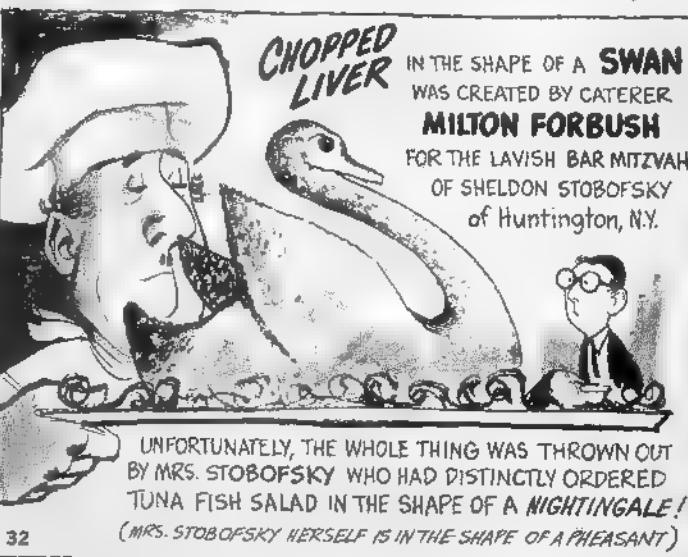


MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!



HE DOES HOWEVER, HAVE THEIR BRONX TENEMENT APARTMENT REPAINTED EVERY THREE YEARS!

(MAINLY BECAUSE HE'S THE LANDLORD OF THEIR BUILDING)



TOTS MY LINE DEPT.

It's Christmas time once again, and the sound of happy laughter is echoing over the land. But we're not talking about the innocent giggles of children. We're talking about the gleeful cackling of that greedy little band of charlatans—the money-hungry toy manufacturers. And so, what better time than now for MAD to interview . . .

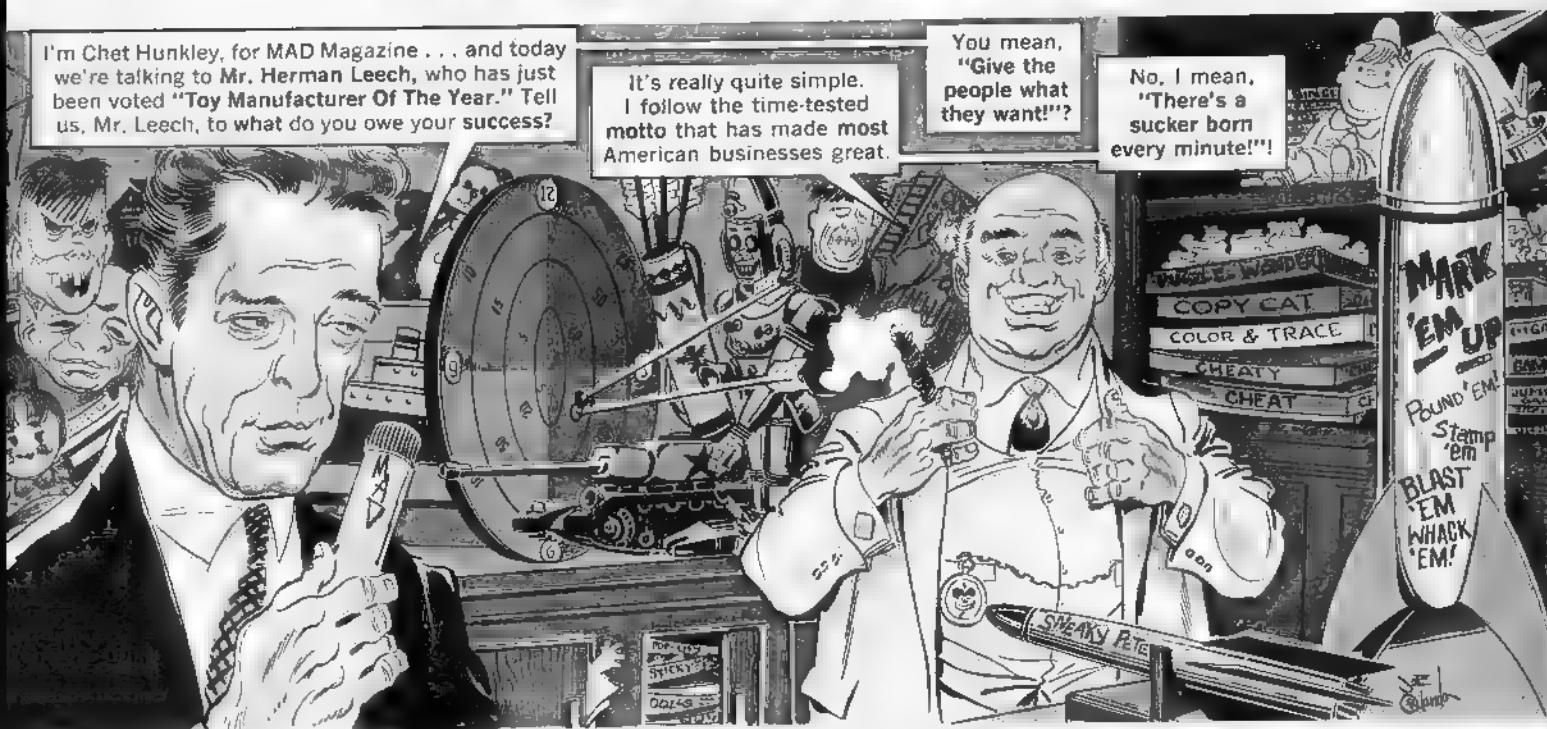
THE TOY MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

I'm Chet Hunkley, for MAD Magazine . . . and today we're talking to Mr. Herman Leech, who has just been voted "Toy Manufacturer Of The Year." Tell us, Mr. Leech, to what do you owe your success?

It's really quite simple. I follow the time-tested motto that has made most American businesses great.

You mean, "Give the people what they want!"?

No, I mean, "There's a sucker born every minute!"



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART

To really understand our business, take a look at this diagram. It shows just where the money goes for each dime spent on one of the toys my company manufactures.

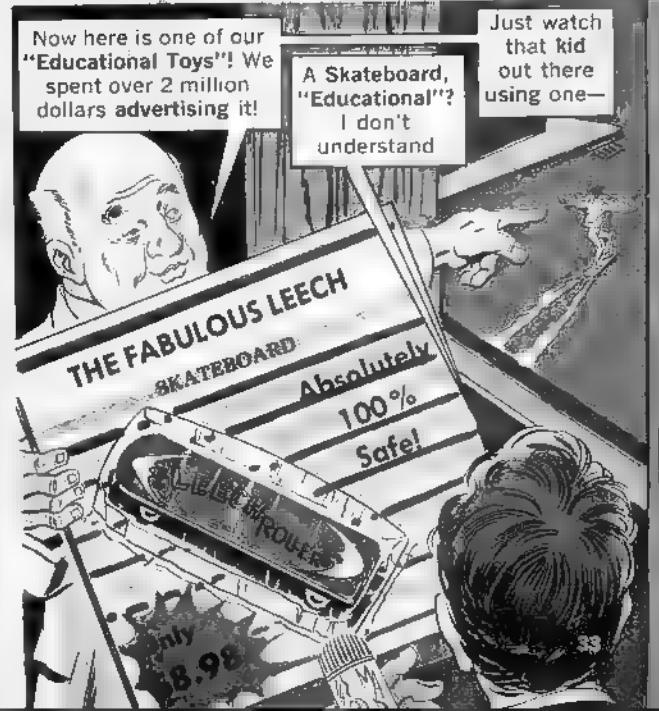
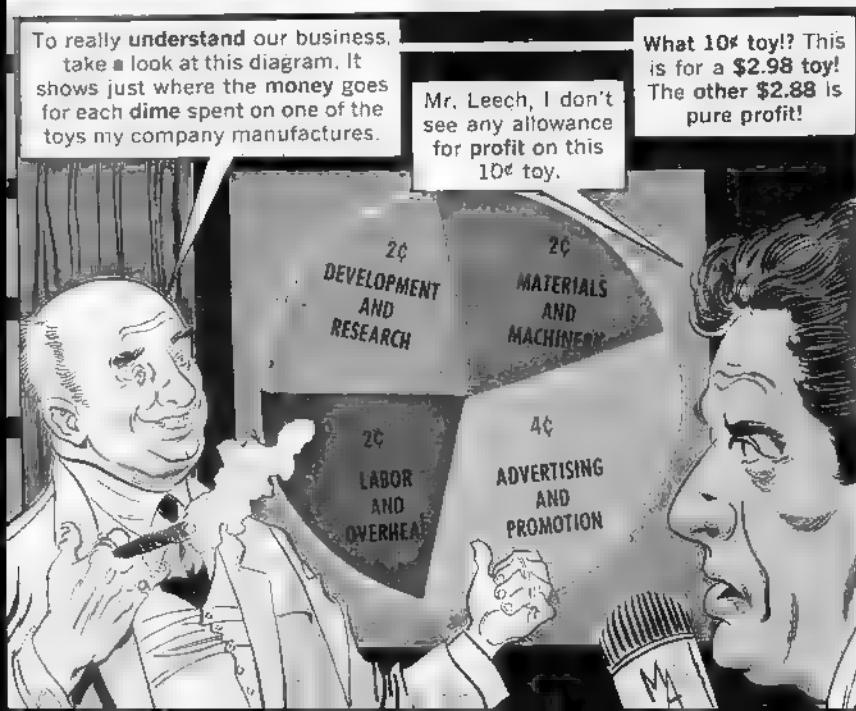
Mr. Leech, I don't see any allowance for profit on this 10¢ toy.

What 10¢ toy? This is for a \$2.98 toy! The other \$2.88 is pure profit!

Now here is one of our "Educational Toys"! We spent over 2 million dollars advertising it!

A Skateboard, "Educational"? I don't understand

Just watch that kid out there using one—





What was so
"Educational"
about that?

That youngster, if he lives, has just learned a valuable lesson—mainly, not to believe everything he reads! Listen, Mr. Hunkley, it's a cruel world and there are lots of unscrupulous people around!

And you hate them?

No, I hire them! They're all in my Award-Winning Advertising Department!



Yes, advertising plays a major role in our business. I want to show you our latest commercial. It's for "THE SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET"! Okay, Sam . . . roll the film—



Hey, kids! Just watch the new "SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET" go! See it zoom high over buildings! Watch it swoop down, breaking all speed records!



Listen to it explode through the sound barrier! Be the first kid in your neighborhood to own a "SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET" and zoom off to new heights of fun—fun—fun!



As you can see, we are complying with the U.S. Government's recent crack-down on dramatized TV Toy Commercials. We clearly warn it's not a flying toy in big letters!

That's very commendable!

No—very clever! This ad is run on shows that appeal to the 3-6-year-old age groups . . . and they can't read!



Here is our laboratory where we test all new toys. As you can see, these men are trying to assemble toys from the usual complicated and obscure instruction sheets provided—

%#&@%\$!
It can't be done! No one could assemble this!

I guess that toy doesn't make it, eh?

Silly boy!
That toy just passed the test with flying colors!



I
don't
get
it!

It's all part of the great strides we've made in the toy business in the past ten years. We don't sell cheap Japanese toys anymore that break when the kids play with them on Christmas morning! Now our toys break when the fathers assemble them on Christmas Eve. Then they have to go out and buy something else. It doubles our volume!



Here are our dolls. Each year, they become more realistic. First, we had "Crying Cathy," who cried real tears, then "Talking Tessie," who talked, then "Walking Wendy," who walked. Now here is the ultimate in doll realism—

"Vomiting Vicky"!
And she has a boyfriend, "Nauseated Norman"!



And here's our famous "G.I. Clyde"—the soldier doll—

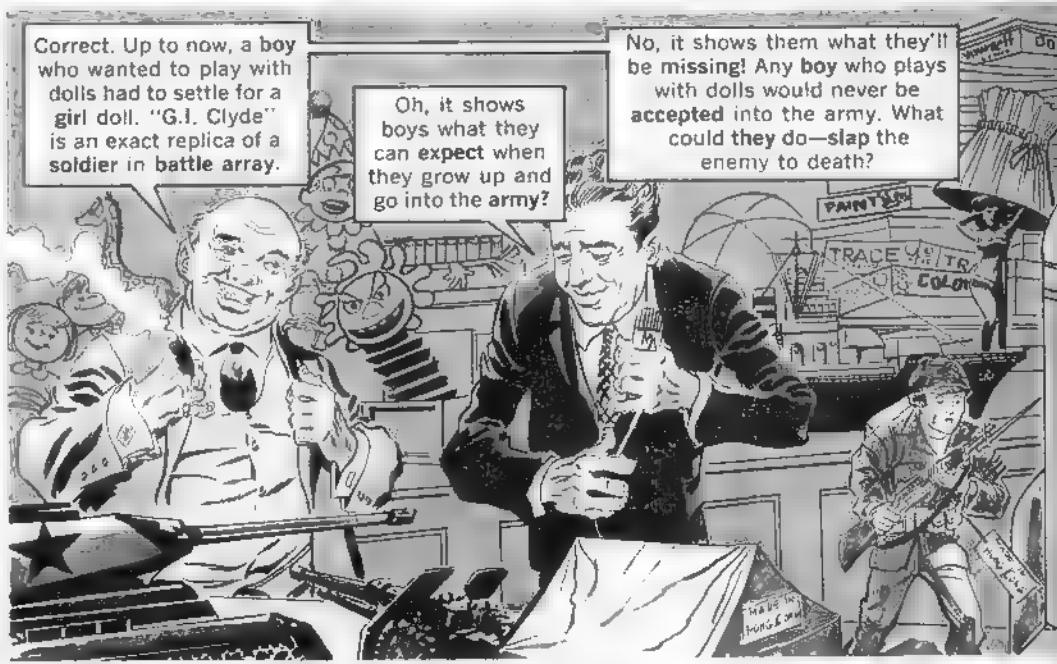
A doll for boys?



Correct. Up to now, a boy who wanted to play with dolls had to settle for a girl doll. "G.I. Clyde" is an exact replica of a soldier in battle array.

Oh, it shows boys what they can expect when they grow up and go into the army?

No, it shows them what they'll be missing! Any boy who plays with dolls would never be accepted into the army. What could they do—slap the enemy to death?



Following the trend toward Brotherhood, we have this Negro doll—

I see that it's exactly the same as the white doll. Is that to prove, that, aside from the color of skin, people are basically the same?

No, that's to prove that, aside from the color of plastic, the dolls are made from the same basic mold. Sort of making Brotherhood pay off, you might say!



Here are our popular "Boobie" and "Kent" dolls. They cost us \$1.50 each to make, and we sell them for 98¢ each.

How can you make money that way?

Because once a kid buys a "Boobie" doll, she needs all these clothes to go with it. Each item cost us 98¢ to make, and we sell it for \$5.00. Get it?



We also do a fabulous business with these miniature stoves and sewing machines.

I suppose little girls just love to imitate their mothers.

Are you putting me on? If they imitated their mothers, they wouldn't go near a stove or a sewing machine. No, I'm afraid they only play with these. They soon grow out of them.

Here we have our "Activity Line." Remember when we were kids, we'd get an old broom, knock off the handle, and use it for a Stick Ball Bat? Now, I sell them "Ready-Made" for \$1.00. Today, a kid doesn't have to make anything . . . he just has to buy it.

But don't kids invent games like we used to?

Listen, boys and girls don't even play "Doctor" without first buying our Official "Ben Casey" kit.

I guess you're always on the lookout for new things.

Not necessarily. Sometimes we just give an old thing a new twist, get a catchy name for it, quadruple the price, and advertise the heck out of it. Like this new item . . .

But that's just an ordinary 15¢ rubber ball . . .

That's what YOU think!

THE AMAZING NEW L-57 Gravity-Defying METEORITE

It's absolutely round! Throw it down . . . it bounces up! Throw it up . . . it bounces down! Amaze your friends!

"THE L-57 GRAVITY-DEFYING METEORITE" IS MADE FROM THE SAME MATERIAL DEVELOPED AND USED IN AIR FORCE B-52 BOMBER TIRES! NOW ONLY \$1.00

But don't kids realize that it's a cheat and a deception?

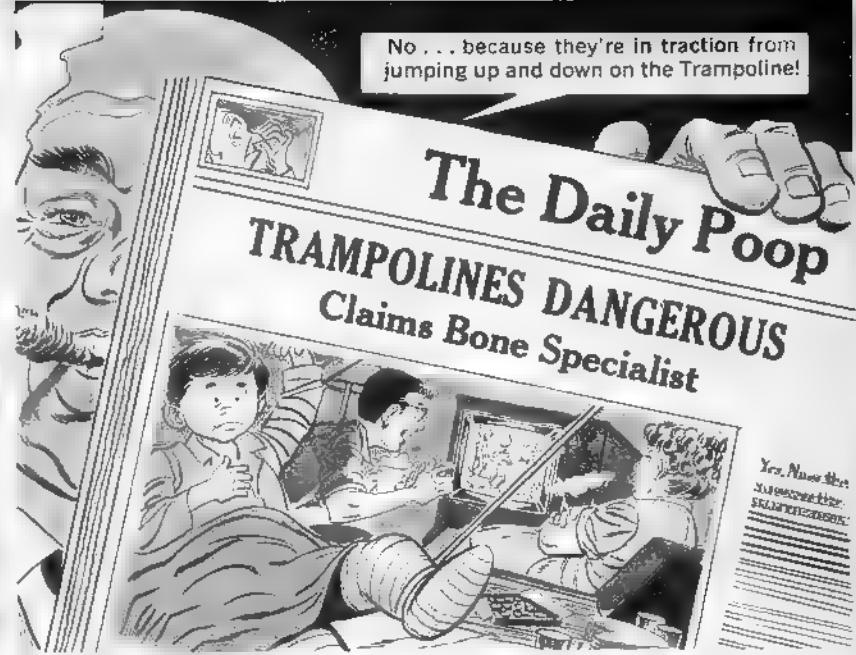
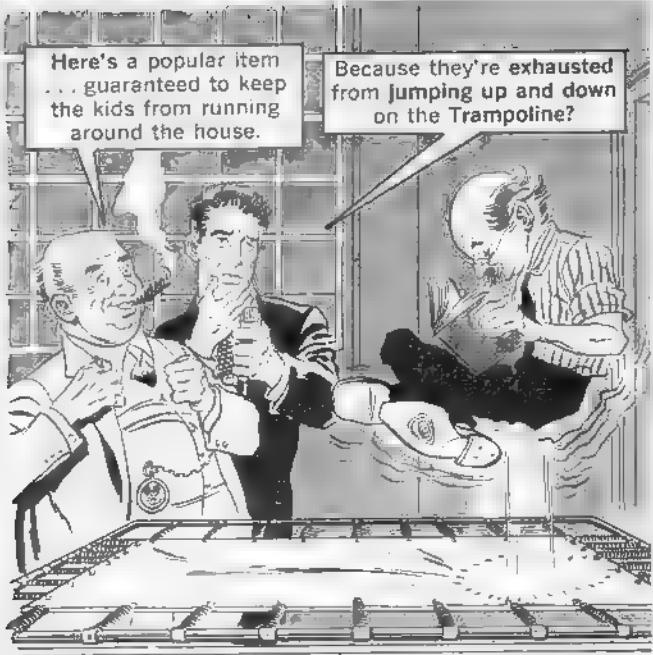
What do they know? Do they realize that Captain Kangaroo is neither a Captain nor a Kangaroo?

This is our fabulously successful "Model Kit" division. We put all the left over plastic scraps from our toys into a box with a giant tube of glue, and we sell it for \$1.00.

But aren't the kids unhappy when they find that these kits don't build anything?

Are you kidding? After sniffing the GLUE, they're not unhappy about anything!





Mr. Leech, can you explain why toys that are worth only 20¢ or 30¢ sell so well at \$5.00 or \$10.00?

You have to understand the psychology of toy buyers. Now, who buys the most toys?

Parents, I guess.

Right. And since most parents hate to spend time with their kids, they feel guilty. So they spend money on them instead. Now, if a father were to buy a toy and spend only 30¢, it would still leave him with a lot of guilt feelings left over. If he spent \$10 for the same toy, he'd not only feel content, but he'd also figure he's entitled to appreciation.



Y'know, I really love kids. The trusting tykes have made me a rich man and I feel a sense of obligation towards them. So I try to repay them by doing volunteer work.

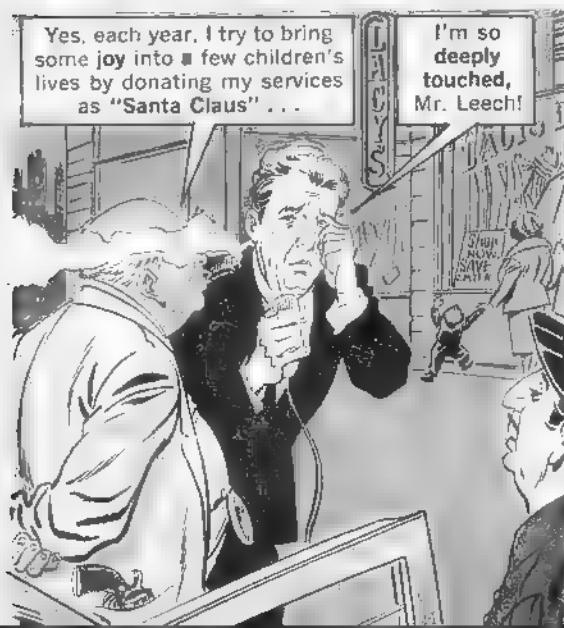


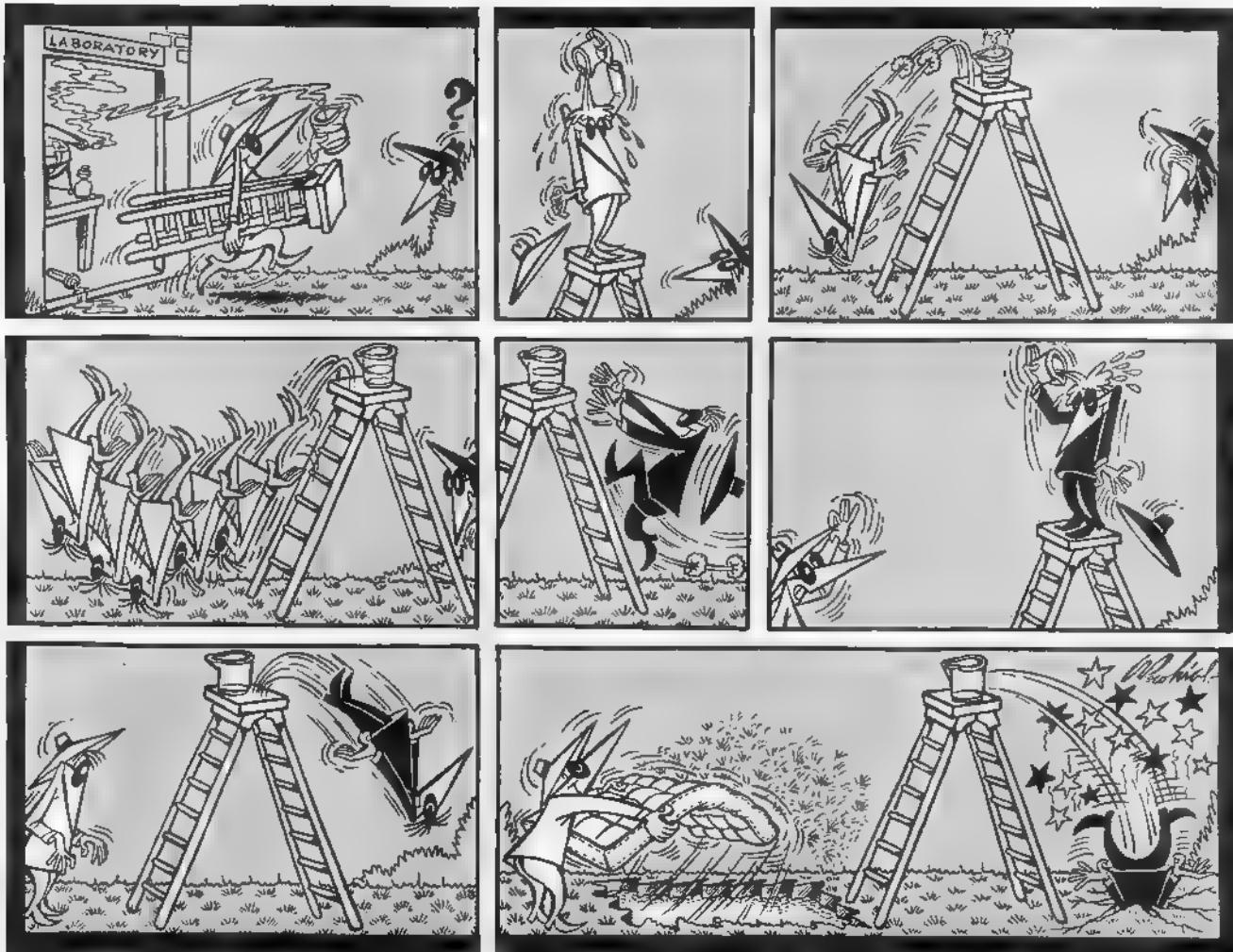
Yes, each year, I try to bring some joy into a few children's lives by donating my services as "Santa Claus" . . .

I'm so deeply touched, Mr. Leech!

Santa, I would like a puppy for Christmas!

A puppy? That could be a terrible gift for a child. Suppose it bit you—or died? Why don't you ask your Mommy for a Leech \$12.98 Road-Racing Set or a Leech \$27.95 Auto Cart. And if Mommy says, "No!", try holding your breath for ten or fifteen minutes. Then hit her up for a Leech \$59.95 10-Shift Bike . . .





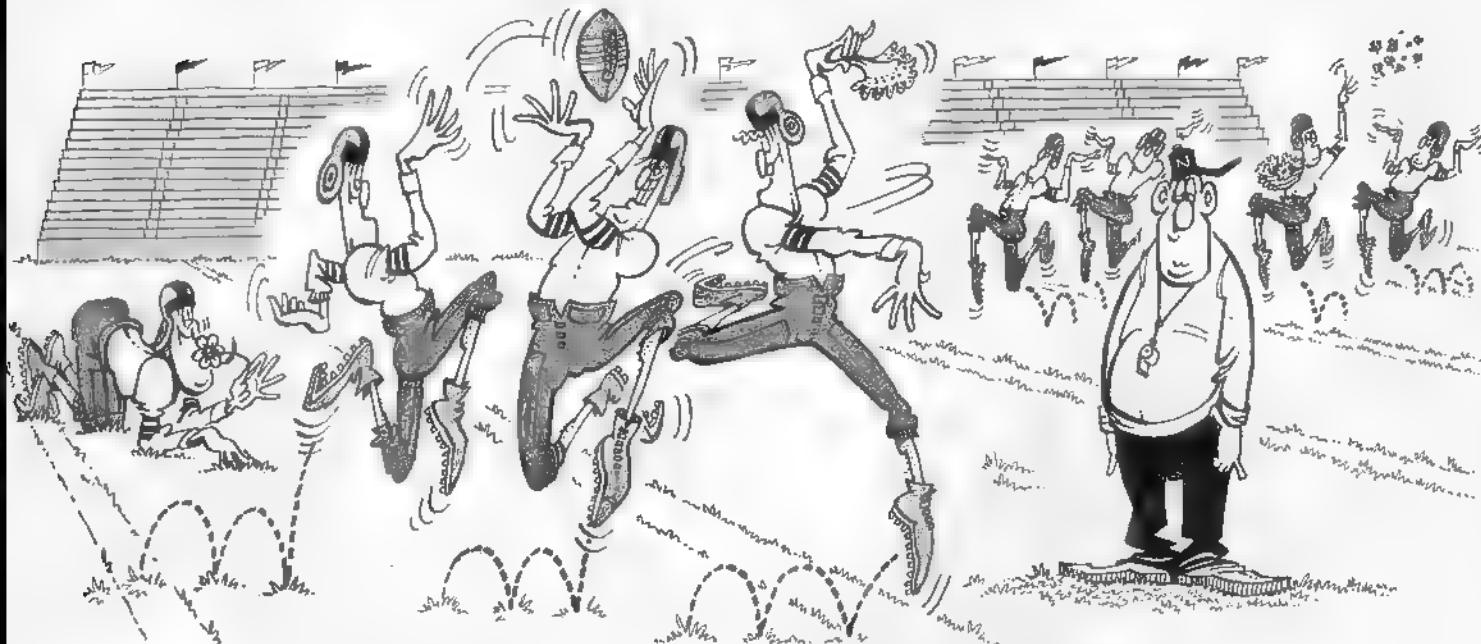


THE SWAN SONG OF A MODERN HIAWATHA

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha")

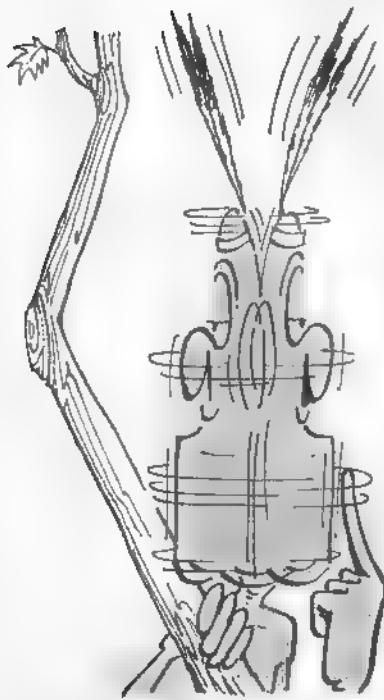
Illustrated by Don Martin

Written by Tom Koch



By a pond in Minnesota,
Near the stagnant Green-Scum-Water
Stood the campus of Nokomis,

Rotten football school, Nokomis;
Sent forth players weak and gentle:
(Mostly Horticulture Majors.)



Then one autumn through the pine trees,
Through the black and gloomy forest,
Strode the freshman, Hiawatha;
Strong with limbs like reindeer sinew.
Signed to play for Memphis Normal,
He was lost and asked directions.



"Shut my mouth!" drawled Coach Kowalski,
"Y'all are here; the South awaits thee."
Hiawatha gazed in wonder
At the snow up to his armpits.
"This is Dixie?" then he mumbled.
"Stupid redskin," joshed Kowalski.



So it was that Hiawatha,
Son of Ishkoodah, the comet,
Donned his new Nokomis beanie;
Huddled in the bunk assigned him.
"Geez, it's cold!" wailed Hiawatha.
"Hush, my fullback," cooed Kowalski.



Soon the young brave, Hiawatha,
Found himself matriculated;
Signed for classes that befit him:
Simple Math and Shrubbery Pruning,
Checkers, Lunch and Water Polo.
(Perfect course; wrong institution.)



In their quest for football players,
All the frats sought Hiawatha
'Til they studied close his features.
Then, in one wheel aptly put it,
"I dunno. Could be an Injun;
Yet to me, he still looks Jewish."



One by one did Hiawatha
Learn to know the campus creatures:
Erickson, the hot rod owner,
Nippersink, the brooding Commie;
Best of all, he soon discovered
Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega.



"Ee-wo-voom!" yowled Hiawatha,
(Football practice now forgotten).
"I was taught by wrinkled Grandma
How to woo the elk and otter,
Speak of marriage to the pine cone.
THIS the old crone failed to mention."



Days of torment quickly followed
For the harried Coach Kowalski.
Left with three men in his backfield
While the fourth played hanky-panky
Out behind the pipestone quarry;
Fiendish plans engulfed the mentor.



On that frigid autumn evening,
Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega,
Listened with a wide-eyed horror
As the coach, most confidential,
Warned her darkly of "the nut who
Thinks he's living now in Memphis."



Came the dawn and grieving Emmie
Sought the help of Doctor Swinehorst,
Dean of studies Psychiatric
At the Med School of Nokomis.
"All's not lost," the Doc assured her,
"If you think he can afford me."



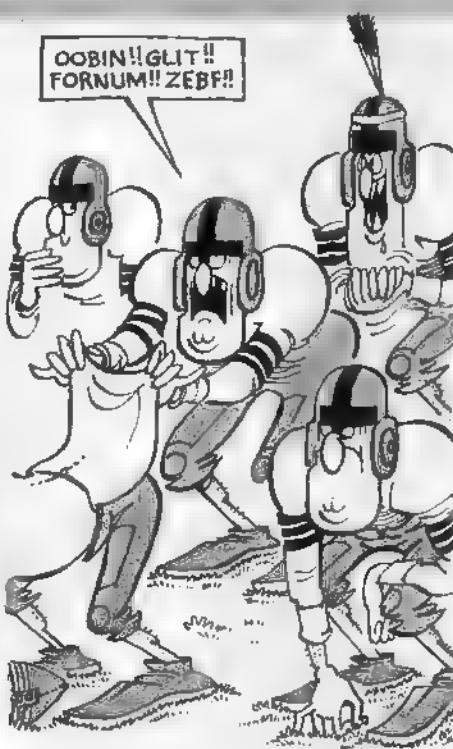
Soon the young brave, Hiawatha,
Lay upon the couch of Swinehorst,
Lay there fearless as the birch tree.
"Tell me of your childhood trauma,"
Said the Doc with notebook handy;
"What of Mom and Dad and siblings?"



Hiawatha answered calmly,
"Daddy was a white-fire comet;
Mom a song bird in the willows.
I had many forest brothers:
Brown bear, moose and timid rabbit."
"Ach du leiber!" cried out Swinehorst.



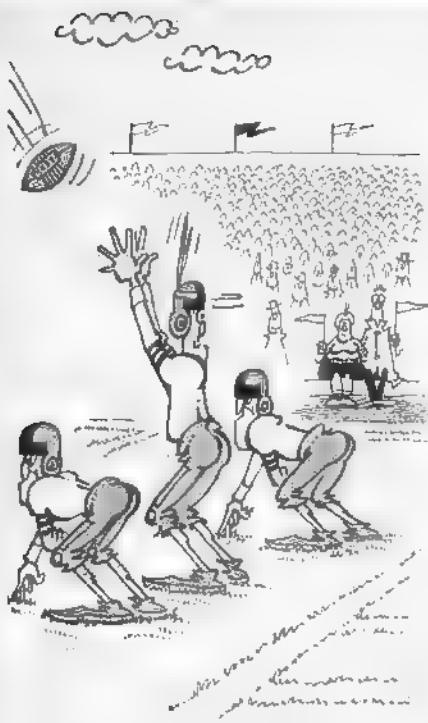
Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega,
Hear the tragic diagnosis.
"Crazy as a loon," said Swinehorst,
"Even thinks the loon's his sister.
I'd suggest you drop this savage;
Date instead my son, the dentist."



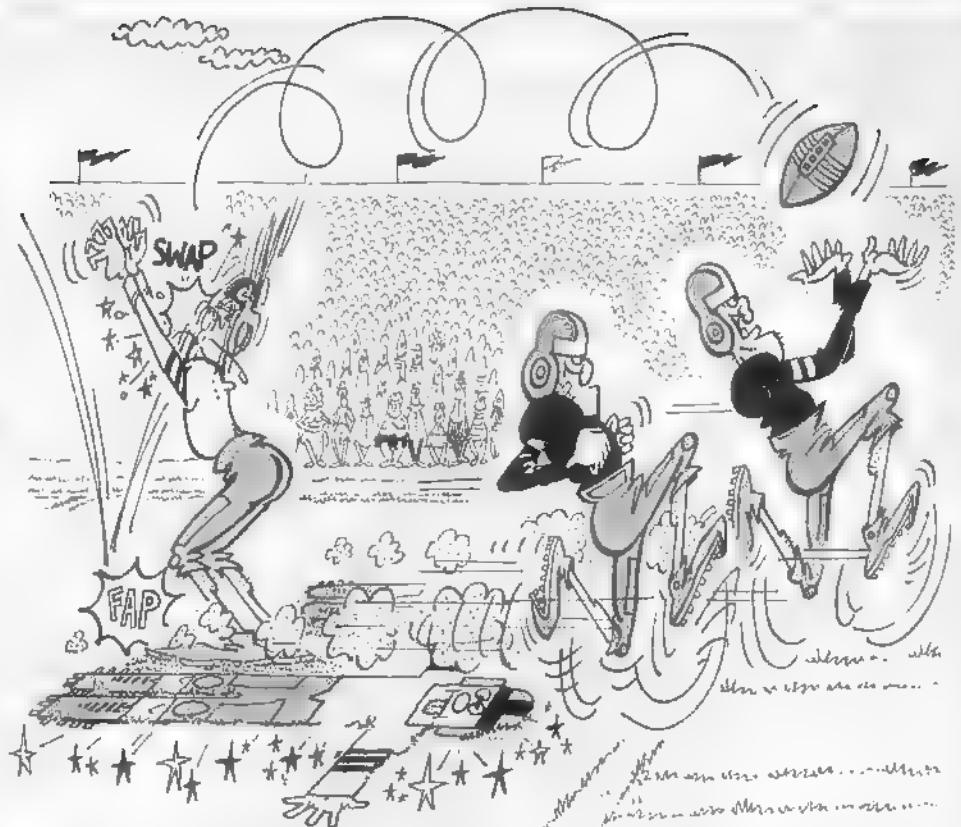
Hiawatha, broken hearted,
Now without his love beside him,
Turned his thoughts at last to football;
Learned what meant the mumbled signals
Of the quarterback, Wachowicz;
Scrimmaged 'til his bridgework rattled.



Happy then was Coach Kowalski;
Dreamed he in untroubled slumber
'Neath the full moon, Nu-see-wah-goo,
Of Nokomis, undefeated;
Dreamed of glory soon to come on
New Year's Day in Pasadena.



Only Gitchee-Goomee Teachers,
Hated rival of Nokomis,
Barred the path the coach envisioned.
Waiting tensely for the kick-off,
Hiawatha eyed the bleachers;
There sat Emmie with the dentist.



"Aush-wea-ecch!" moaned Hiawatha
As the pigskin bounced before him,
Caromed off his furrowed forehead

Toward the goal where Gitchee-Goomee's
Tackle grabbed it unmolested,
Scored the first of fourteen touchdowns.



With the Dean on Monday morning,
Hiawatha got the message:
"F" in Math and Shrubbery Pruning.
"Memphis pledged I'd pass," he bleated.
Roared the dean in tones like thunder,
"Memphis! Buster, you're in Flunksville."



Quiet reigns now in Nokomis.
Gone is Emmie; gone the dentist;
Gone the mob that lynched Kowalski.

All that's left: a voice heard faintly;
Hiawatha, college drop-out,
Back home chatting with the chipmunk.

EIGHT OLD TOMATOES IN THAT ITTY BITTY FILM CAN DEPT.

Remember how in the good old days, as soon as an actress reached fifty, she stopped playing glamorous roles and either took nice mature mother parts, or she retired? Well things being what they are today, what with the cost of living and taxes, these old gals can't afford to retire. And there are no nice mature mother parts in movies any more because there's something too disgustingly healthy about nice mothers. So what are "Has-Been Glamour Gals" doing these days? You guessed it! They're making Horror movies! They're discarding their make-up, and they're playing maniacs and murderesses. Yes, nowadays, "Old Actresses Never Die—They Just Hack Away" ... at each other ... in movies like this here MAD version, entitled...

HACK, HACK, SWEET HAS-BEEN! or "What Ever Happened To Good Taste?"

Hack, hack sweet Has-Been;
Hear that body thud!
Hack, hack sweet Has-Been;
And watch that corpse shpitz blood!



While hacking, darling, with all your might,
Fans scream all over the place!
It's not your axe that causes all the fright,
It's your own real ghastly face!

Hack, hack sweet Has-Been;
Has-Been, spill that gore!
Keep hacking, Has-Been;
You're on the screen once more!



ROOMS
TO LET

BEWARE
OF
DOG

MORT
DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

STARRING

OLIVIA DeHACKAHAND.....as Cousin Phoebe
BETTE DEVIOUS.....as Bubby Jean
TALLULAH BANGHEAD.....as Precious
JOAN CLAWFOOT.....as Honeybunch
BARBARA STUNWHACK.....as Poopy
MARY GHASTLIER.....as Kitchykoo
AGNES GOREHEAD.....as Charlie
VICTOR BOOBDO.....as Papa
JOSEPH CUTTIN.....as Selig

WITH

Greer Garson.....as a Headless Torso
Ginger Rogers.....as a Torsoless Head
Joan Fontaine.....as a Pool of Blood

AND

The Gabor Sisters
as

Three Exposed Ganglia Nerves

AND FEATURING

Maria Ouspenskaya as Herself (Right Now)

Hello!
I'm
Cousin
Phoebe!
Did you
get my
telegram?

Hi! Ah'm Bubby Jean! Lawsy, Cousin Phoebe, we
were so excited when you wired you were comin'
to visit us kinfolk of yours! Jus' think, the
one relative that you like best inherits eight
million dollars in your Will! Of course, if you
can't make up your li'l ol' mind, the last
surviving relative gets the money, right?

Well, Ah
guess
that should
start this
li'l ol'
sinister
plot rollin'!



Lawsy, lawsy me, Cousin Phoebe, honey! We got some real ugly ol' battle-axes in this family, but you are easily the ugliest of 'em all, an' tha's a fact, I do declare!

Flattery will get you nowhere! I still haven't made up my mind about the Will . . .

. . . and for cryin' out loud, Bette . . . cut out that rotten Southern accent! This is New Hampshire!

Well, well! You must be Cousin Eight Million Dollar . . . ha-ha . . . I mean Cousin Phoebe! I'm Selig!

Can I carry the bags upstairs?

No thanks, Selig! We'll walk up by ourselves!



We'll be eating soon, Cousin Phoebe! Wouldn't you care to mess yourself up a bit before dinner.

Thank you, Bubby Jean! I'll just touch up my face with some Twenty Mule Team Borax, and re-set my hair a little!

Good! You can use my new electric gadget for re-setting hair!

Oh, you have a dryer?

No, a Waring Blender!

Cousin Phoebe, did you remember to shine your shoes before dinner?

Don't you recall? You licked them clean with your tongue!

Oh, that's right! (I'll get that million bucks yet!) Say, how come you're walking down the stairs backwards??!

I want the camera to photograph the good side of my face!



You know something. Kitchykoo—I just sampled one of your dumplings, and you are a wonderful cook!

How would you like to inherit eight million dollars to open up a restaurant?

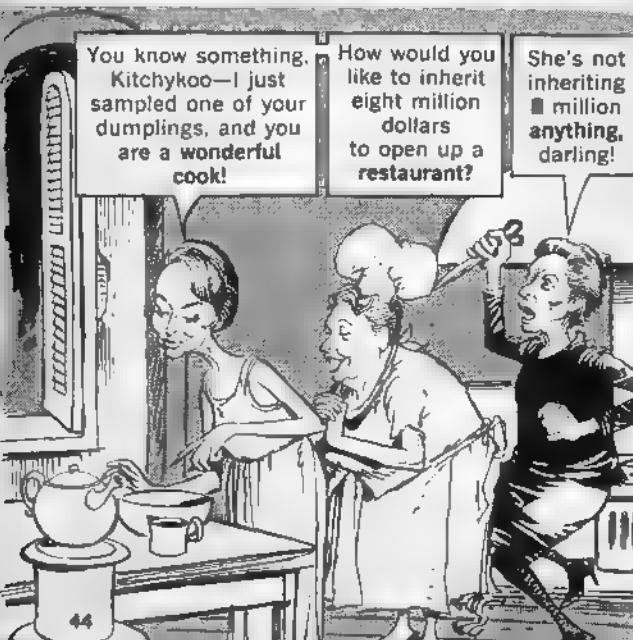
She's not inheriting a million anything, darling!

AAAAAAAH! SHRIEEEEEK!! SCREEEAAMM!!!

How come you're screaming like that, Cousin Phoebe. My sister, Precious, is only giving the cook a measly scissor job. In these movies, that's like "two for flinching!"

I'm not screaming about the stabbing! I'm screaming because I just saw Tallulah Banghead for the first time . . . without makeup!

I have news for you, darling! I'm wearing make up!



Precious, must the camera always show sickening close-up shots—like this one of the scissors in her back?

Of course, darling! It's all part of the new freedom in American Movies . . . freedom to twist minds, freedom to turn stomachs, and freedom to teach new murder techniques! And besides, this isn't a close-up!



THIS is a close-up! It's a shot of the scissors entering a vein! After this, we'll see a close-up of gushing blood, followed by a close-up shot of 178 feet of entrails! Close-ups like these are very important in horror movies! They take the audience's minds off dirty things . . . like sex!

Oh, then there won't be any sex in this movie?!

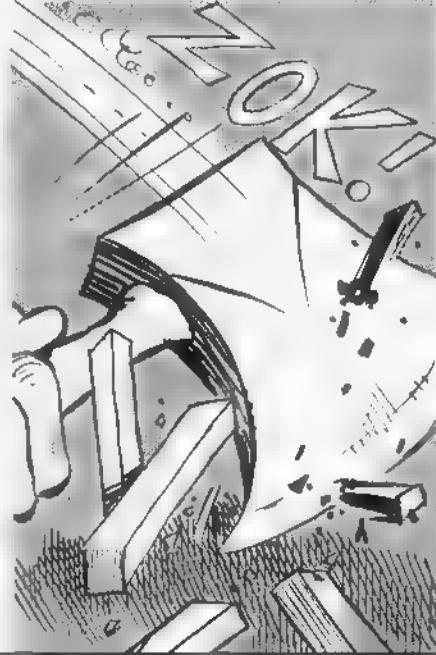
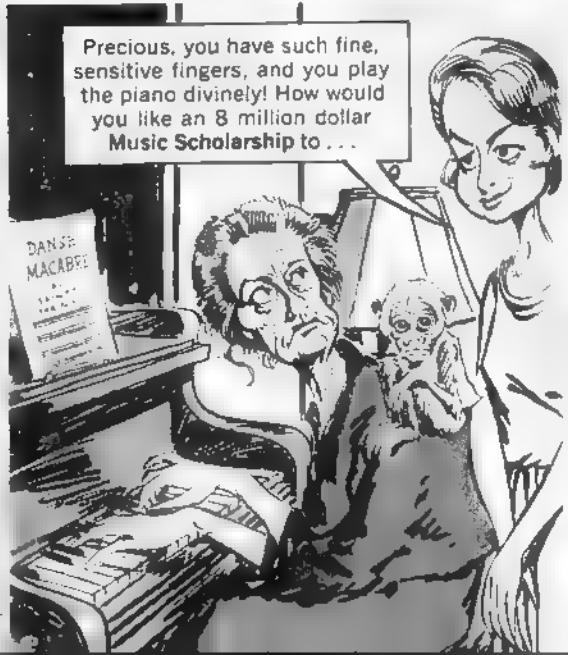
Of course there will! Only not for 10 minutes yet! This takes their minds off sex until then!



I don't know—as I sit here at the dinner table, I have the sneaking suspicion that the family is trying to butter me up for my money. But then again, I'd hate to be unfair to them! Perhaps they eat all their meals this way!



Precious, you have such fine, sensitive fingers, and you play the piano divinely! How would you like an 8 million dollar Music Scholarship to . . .



Dops! Forget it! Tell me, have you ever thought about taking up Shorthand?



Poopy, you're brilliant! How would you like ■ million dollars to go to Vassar? You have such ■ wonderful head on your shoulders . . .



Oops! You have such ■ wonderful head on your floor!



Bubby Jean! I just can't take all this horror and death any longer! Look at Selig! He's just squashed a man, flattened him out, and now he's walking all over him! How ghastly!

You've got ■ all wrong! Selig is just doing another of his Bofferin TV Commercials! How do you think we pay the bills around here?



YAAAAAH! Look! It's Honeybunch! She's dead, and there isn't a mark on her! How was she murdered?

See those empties all around? It's obvious—somebody fed her 40 bottles of Pepsi-Cola . . . and she burped to death!



Well, Cousin Phoebe—I'm the only survivor in this house, so I guess I get it, right? Give it to me! Come on . . . give it to me!

I'll give it to you, all right! Boy, are you gonna get it! In just one minute . . .

Wha—what goes on here! This isn't in the script! Olivia!! What are you . . . Hey! You're NOT OLIVIA!

ANNETTE FUNNYJELLO!
Star of stage, screen,
TV and sandy beaches!

Surprise!



That's right, Bettie! You fell for our trap! We've tricked all you old battle-axes into killing each other off!

But that wasn't real killing! That was trick photography! Weren't those rubber scissors and plastic axes and wooden heads and paper maché hands and ketchup for blood and . . . ?

No! Because this morning, 27 of my fellow teenage movie stars staged a coup d'état at the Studio Prop Department! Those were real scissors and real axes and real heads and hands and blood!

But why kill us old stars off?

Why? I'll tell you why! Because we young swingers were monopolizing the industry with our movies until you old broads came along with yours! Everyone knows that your Horror movies are just as terrible as our Surfing movies! Still, they call yours "A" Pictures, while ours are called "B" Pictures. Your movies even get Academy Award nominations, while our movies are ignored by anyone over sixteen . . .



Well, it's not fair! All that we of the younger generation want is what's coming to us! Mainly—EVERYTHING!! Is that asking too much? Well, now we've got it! NOW—WE'VE GOT . . . ugh . . . IT!

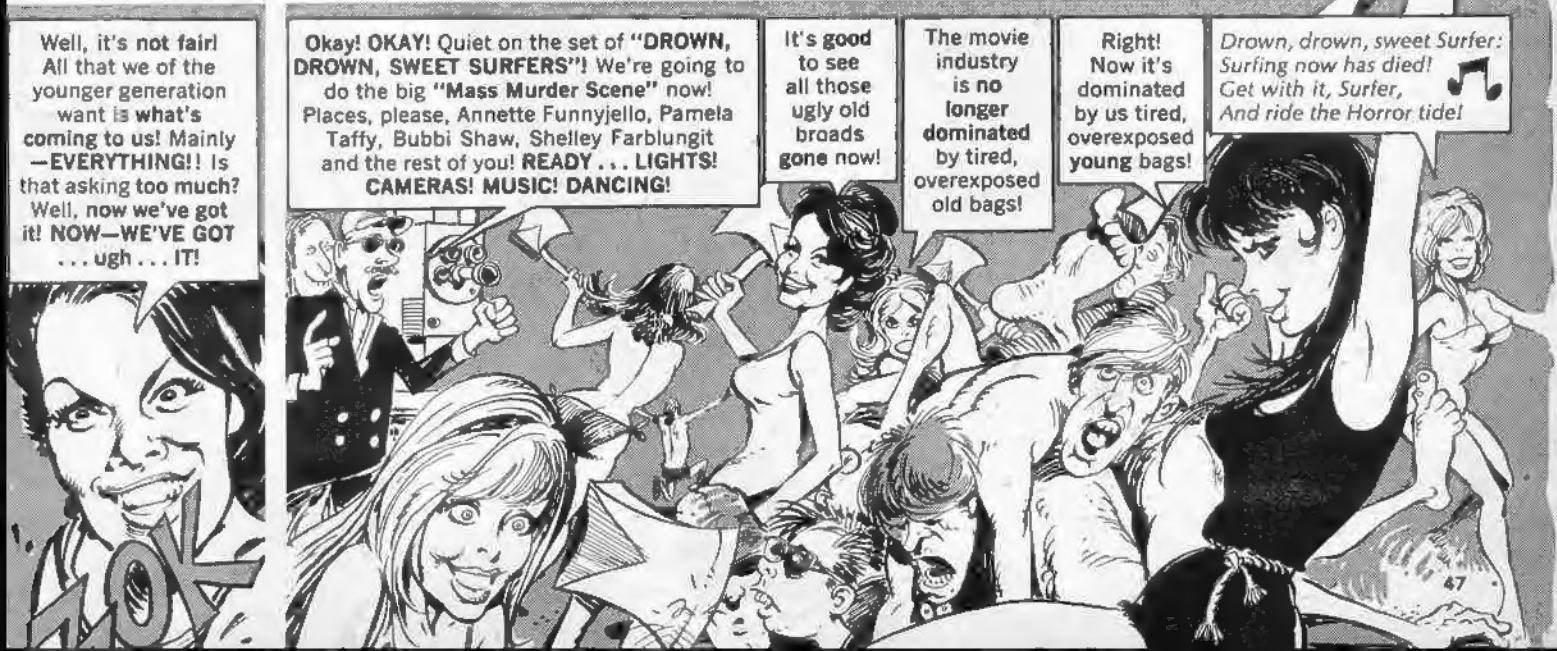
Okay! OKAY! Quiet on the set of "DROWN, DROWN, SWEET SURFERS"! We're going to do the big "Mass Murder Scene" now! Places, please, Annette Funnyjello, Pamela Taffy, Bubbi Shaw, Shelley Farblungit and the rest of you! READY . . . LIGHTS! CAMERAS! MUSIC! DANCING!

It's good to see all those ugly old broads gone now!

The movie industry is no longer dominated by tired, overexposed young bags!

Right! Now it's dominated by us tired, overexposed young bags!

Drown, drown, sweet Surfer: Surfing now has died! Get with it, Surfer, And ride the Horror tide!



DON MARTIN DEPT.

ON THE SUBWAY



A VITAL MESSAGE FROM THE STAFF OF MAD

Looks like a gay, pleasant Winter's scene, eh? Well, don't be fooled by it. You should know us cynical devils at MAD by now. So just fold in the page as shown, and you'll soon discover the sinister, sarcastic message contained in—

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

THIS ISSUE'S REVOLTING MAD FOLD-IN

B

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

B HARDY SKATERS AND SNAPPY WEATHER **A**
HOLD FORTH ON A WINTER'S DAY

THE REPLACEMENT



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



WRITER: DON EDWING

